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A JAPANESE
ROBINSON CRUSOE
JENICHIRO OYABE



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A JAPANESE
ROBINSON CRUSOE

BY
JENICHIRO OYABE, M. A., B. D.
HOWARD UNIVERSITY, YALE UNIVERSITY, ETC.

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YASAKI KAVOON ZHT

TO
THE MEMORY OF
My Father and Mother,
MY FIRST
AND BEST TEACHERS,
THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY
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YABE, JENICHIRO

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PREFACE

"THE kingdom of Nippon," says St. Xavier, "is the delight of my soul." And to one whose ideas have been trained in accordance with the habits of European civilization, Japan is indeed the land of surprises ; not, however, the country, but its people. But how can a foreigner know about them ? "Of course, by reading their biographies, that is, by means of written language," must be the answer. But, in the first place, must the foreigner learn our language, or shall we study his ? The first is more difficult than the last, as the Japanese is a language limited to that island empire exclusively, while the English or French is almost universal. So, then, in this book let my imperfect English triumph over my own mother tongue.

My object in composing this work is partly to secure the attention and interest of the young people. For I see some dangers arising from the effect of the wonderful progress of this country in the development of machinery, and from the tremendous power of money. These two are most convenient substances, and have saved a great deal of time and of human labor. But, on the

other hand, they corrupt the hearts of many of the younger generation ; leading them to seek after pleasure, luxury, and a life without labor. The " Japanese Crusoe " will tell them that there is nothing which can be bought without a price ; even for the Gospel one must pay faith and devotion.

Another reason for this publication is, that in the social and religious gatherings to which I have been invited during my stay in America, I have always been asked by my friends, how I happened to leave Japan, what strange experiences I had during my roving, and how I was converted? When I was a student in the United States, I disliked to tell others in public about my early adventures. But now I have no objection whatever to relate the story of my wandering life; if there be any benefit in it for others. Moreover, it would be disloyal in me to bury myself in the far East, keeping my unique experience to myself and the lesson of it hidden. So I propose to write out my story for the use of aspiring young people in the future. If any one who reads this narrative shall find any lesson of warning or of inspiration in my checkered life, and so take it as a compass for his life voyage, I shall be truly rewarded.

I entitle this book " A Japanese Robinson Crusoe," because my wandering life much resembles that of the fictitious Robinson Crusoe. The difference between the old and the new Crusoe

consists in this, that the former drifted away unintentionally to a desolate island, while the latter wandered purposely from island to island, looking for a "land of saints," and finally reached the shores of America, leading there, during nine years, a struggling life in pursuit of a higher education.

I take this opportunity to extend most sincere thanks to these kind friends for their generous assistance during my wanderings: President J. E. Rankin, D.D., LL.D., of Howard University; Rev. S. M. Newman, D.D., of Washington, D.C.; the late Gen. S. C. Armstrong, LL.D., of Virginia; Prof. L. O. Brastow and Prof. G. E. Day, of Yale University, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. Secretary O. P. Emerson, Hon. W. F. Fr  ar, Rev. E. G. Beckwith, D.D., Hon. A. F. Judd, LL.D., of Honolulu; and many others.

JENICHIRO OYABE.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT,
January, 1898.

A JAPANESE CRUSOE

CHAPTER I

ORIGIN—CHILDHOOD

EARLY one summer evening, when the air was pure, the earth moist, and graceful old pine trees, waving in the breeze, were playing their peculiar music together with the surge's roar which broke on the cragged beach, "Shipwreck! shipwreck! fire! fire!" was suddenly shouted by the simple-hearted fishermen who were mending their nets on a peaceful shore.

While these men were preparing a life-saving boat, several strange black vessels rushed, amid circling clouds of smoke, into the bay. Soon the "stars and stripes" were flung to the gentle wind, and the sailors boldly cast anchor into waters where no foreign vessels ever lay before.

These were the squadron of well-equipped ships under the orders of the American expedition to Japan in 1853; and they were commanded by a gallant United States naval officer, Matthew Cal-

braith Perry, the young brother of the hero of Lake Erie.

In those days most people in Japan believed that Nippon, the land of the Rising Sun, was the only divinely blessed country in the world. But the formidable appearance of the powerful foreign steamers greatly surprised the self-conceited sons of the Mikado. With the chief of the feudal lords, called Siogun, the United States made a treaty, and afterward, though slowly, other countries followed her example. These treaties, however, did not receive the sanction of the Emperor, but were negotiated by the Siogun's independent action. Thereupon the imperialists were stirred with intense wrath against the Siogun. A civil war followed, bringing ruin and desolation. After the memorable battle of Fushimi, the Siogun made peace with the Emperor, and formally resigned his office. About the same time, the Emperor died at the old Capital. The young Crown Prince was thereupon declared sole sovereign, and the whole empire was placed under his direct rule. The old imperial palace which had been the residence of many Mikados was removed to Tokyo, formerly Yedo. The old record of dates, which had been kept for many centuries, was at once changed for the European calendar. An excellent system of civil and commercial law was adopted from European countries. Post-offices, a national bank, and a school system were established. Newspapers were printed and circulated

for the first time; the coast was made bright with lighthouses; the first railroads were opened, telegraphs connected the important cities, and many other features of Western civilization, including the latest army and naval improvements, were copied.

In those busy days of New Japan, amid its earliest scenes of splendor, I was born in Akita, in the province of Dewa, on the twenty-third day of December, third year of Kieou, according to the old Japanese calendar. My great grandfather was of noble descent. He was the prince of Mogami in the province of Uzen. My grandfather was a soldier and a noted teacher of fencing, though afterward he was adopted by a worthy merchant in Akita. My father was more cultured, and had a profound knowledge of law and politics. In his early boyhood he was sent to a Buddhist high priest in order to obtain philosophical knowledge.

One day he was called to his home on account of his father's sudden illness. When he arrived at home, he found his father lying in bed, and dangerously ill. The father grasped the hand of his son, and said: "I was born of a noble family, but in my boyhood I was treated very unkindly by my parents. So, one day, leaving a letter for my father, I departed from my father's palace without his permission. My desire was to go to Satsuma to find the best teacher in philosophy. On the way to that province my money was

stolen by a highwayman. I became a helpless wanderer, and was rescued by a noble-looking traveller. The gentleman advised me to come with him to his house. I thought he was a *Samurai* class man; so I followed. But after I arrived at his house, I found that he was a wealthy business man. Soon I was adopted as his son, and was obliged to marry his daughter."

While speaking this, the tears ran down his face and he was almost overcome by emotion. Still he continued: "But, in the first place, I was mistaken in thinking my father cruel and lacking in affection; for was there ever a parent who did not love his own children? My father, the prince, chastised me because he wished me to be a wiser and better son in the future. My present repentance, however, is too late. But take this as an example for yourself. Correct your best beloved child for his own benefit. For no man can understand the truest meaning of a gratification unless he pays the proper price. It should be the outcome of toil in his early years. Above all, let not your son, as an offspring of my noble family, ever disgrace it."

After giving many such instructions, the poor fugitive prince's soul was at rest and the body returned to the dust. I realized afterward that his last word was the very cause of my long wandering life.

My father devoted himself to studying the laws and politics which had been newly introduced to

our country from the West. His name became known to the regent of Iwasaki, and he was invited to the palace as a civil adviser. Shortly before the civil war broke out my father advised the regent to obey the orders of the Mikado. But his suggestion was not accepted. My father retired from his office and devoted himself again to study.

His silent, cottage life was like a hermit's, and even my mother had no idea what his desire for the future was. She often asked my father to undertake some practical work, instead of digging at the pages of books. But he did not pay any attention to her requests, nor change his mind. His habitual reticence enervated my mother and caused the sickness which led to her death at the early age of twenty-four. I was then only five years old. Immediately after her death I was taken to my grandmother's house, because it was too much for my patriotic father to take care of his young boy himself.

At about this time political troubles occurred between the governments of Japan and Korea. A warlike spirit filled the empire. My father could no longer stay at his humble cottage. "Why do I sit here and study in quiet?" he said. "This is the time to give my life for my country!" He started for Tokyo, the capital, leaving his aged mother and myself at home.

Soon my good grandmother sent me to a common school where my father's intimate friend

was the principal. The schoolmaster was very kind, and was, indeed, a father to me. He paid special attention to me in all branches of knowledge. But again there came a painful trial upon me. It was the death of my grandmother. "Though I depart from you, yet my soul will live with you until you become a man," was her last word to the unfortunate boy, myself. I was then taken and cherished by my aunt.

Although I was born in a heathen family, yet it was my chief impulse to become an anti-idolater, and it came from the death of my grandmother. In the beginning of her last sickness the doctors said that she could not live more than a week. As soon as I heard this I determined to pray to the gods for her life, and even to sacrifice my own, as in Japan there is connected with prayer for the life of a relative the religious ceremony of offering the suppliant's life for that of the sick person. It was a cold winter's day when I got up at one or two o'clock in the morning to worship in a dozen of the Shinto temples, and came back home before the people were up. Sometimes I bowed down and worshipped gods while the priests poured many bucketsful of cold water upon my body according to the Shinto custom.

All my prayers were in vain, as the idols gave no answer to them. Finally, my sick grandmother's breath was gone. My patience was dead. I said to the idols: "You have eyes, but cannot see; you have ears, but cannot hear; of what

good are you?" From that time on, I did not worship Shinto or Buddhist idols.

One day we, the schoolboys, went to the yard of a large Buddhist temple. When I saw the stone and bronze idols in the yard, I told my playmates that the idols were not gods, and those who worship them would have severe punishment from heaven. I bade the boys break them in pieces, perhaps in the same manner as is suggested in the book of Psalms: "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Without waiting for any one, I went up to a large stone idol and pushed it backward with my full strength. It was thrown to the ground and broken into pieces by its heavy weight. This so pleased the other boys that they all followed my example and tried the same way with each of those idols.

Just as we were leaving the yard, we saw two priests coming toward us, so we all ran homeward, but, unfortunately, two of the youngest were caught by them. The next day, an old, dignified priest came to my house and told my aunt that I was the leader at that notorious sport of breaking the idol gods in the temple yard. The priest asked her to pay the full expense for the damage.

My aunt was very angry with me. She sent me to the house of her country relative, who was a Buddhist priest, for punishment. While I was there I had a good opportunity for studying the

Buddhist philosophy under the guidance of the priest.

The village was situated at the foot of a high mountain. Once a rumor went through the village that there was a living god in that mountain. The hunters and mountaineers told me often that they saw the living god clothed with grass and leaves. I did not believe the story, for my conclusion was that gods were spirits and have no shape like man.

One day, through curiosity, I went up to the mountain without speaking of it to my priest. I missed the road, and so climbed up the mountain through forests, resting in the caves at night and seeking after the living god in the day. And, of course, I found out that it was nonsense.

During my absence, however, the priest and his people were looking for me all through the village, without success. They thought that while I was swimming in the river, I had met death by drowning. So the priest employed a dozen small boats, and men with fishing-nets to search the water for my supposed dead body. In the midst of this great confusion and trouble I came home weary and disappointed. When I saw the terrified priest, he exclaimed: "Where have you been all these days? and what will you do next, I wonder? I think I must punish you this time; back to your aunt's house."

He then sent me to my aunt's with a servant. When I returned home my aunt's patience was

already exhausted. But she welcomed me heartily, and the very next day she sent me to a government school, where I enjoyed the study of Western art and science, and after being there four years, I was graduated.

CHAPTER II

LEAVING FATHER'S HOUSE

MOST miserable and worthy of most profound pity is such a being as a foster-child. I met again with inexpressible suffering in the sudden death of my good patroness, the aunt.

In those days I had a desire to come to the capital and to devote myself to higher study. So I took my share of the property, to which I was entitled on the death of my mother, and started for the city of Tokyo, a distance of more than three hundred miles. I walked all the way. As soon as I arrived at the capital, I entered a government school under the care of my cousin, who was then a resident in that city.

While I was in Tokyo I read an article in a newspaper one day and learned that my father had been one of the judges in the Supreme Court in Osaka for several years, and was now situated at Aidsu, in the northern province. I did not know anything about my father until that time; for though he filled so high an office, he had never sent me or my relatives any letter; "because," he said long afterward to his friend, "I was afraid to spoil my son's independent thought by his trusting himself entirely to me."

Soon I wrote and asked him if I might live with him and study law under his direction. He answered me with a long, affectionate letter, and with some money for my travelling expenses, and bade me come home as soon as possible.

It was on a snowy day in November that I started for Aidsu, passing over high mountains and through rivers without experiencing any difficulty, as it was all overcome by the intense hope of seeing my long-forgotten father.

When I reached the city I could not find the residence of my father. I wandered here and there, and at last I came to a quiet part of the town where I found a middle-aged gentleman standing near the gateway of a house.

"Please tell me where is the residence of Judge Oyabe?" I inquired of him.

"Judge Oyabe?" The gentleman repeated my word, and looked at me very closely.

"Yes! the judge is my own father," I went on with a tone of pride.

"Ho! ho! is this then my only son, Jenichiro?" he said; and his eyes were now filled with tears, and, hand in hand, speechless for surprise, we entered the house.

The very next day my father began to teach me the philosophy of Confucius and old Chinese poetry. For, at that time, he claimed that European literature and science were developed only objectively, while Oriental literature was more subjective. He gave me instruction every day with

most wonderful zeal. Very often, when we came to discuss certain philosophical questions, our bright lamp was burning even until the morning. One evening, when he was interpreting to me the First Book of Confucius, he stopped at one chapter for quite a while, and read it again and again very thoughtfully. The following is the translation of the verse:

“Men are partial where they feel affection and love; partial where they despise and dislike; partial where they stand in awe and reverence; partial where they feel sorrow and compassion; partial where they are arrogant and rude. Thus it is that there are few men in the world who love, and at the same time know the bad qualities of the object of their love, or who hate, and yet know the excellence of the object of their hatred. Hence it is said, in the common adage, ‘A man does not know the wickedness of his son; he does not know the richness of his growing corn.’ ”

My father kept a long silence. I could not imagine what had happened to his mind; but after that day, as I remember, he treated me coldly, as if I were a stranger.

Besides the heavy tasks of the lessons, my father gave me a daily duty, which was to feed his little canary bird. One morning I forgot to feed the bird. The next day, when he found the little creature struggling with hunger and thirst in the cage, he summoned me immediately, and put me into a wardrobe, and locked the door

for a whole day without giving me any food or water. When I was released, he said to me very tenderly :

“If your love and kindness do not reach even to such a small bird, how can you sympathize with men ? But you must not be like that bird, which lives in a cage and depends upon its owner's care. Because some day when I give my life to my country, you must surely suffer from the very next day.”

My father began to think that it was not a very wise way to educate his son in such a country place. He wished me now to see the wide world in which the most successful men have had their training. So he tried to put me away from him, and asked several of his friends in Tokyo and Osaka about a good school for his motherless boy, myself.

But in those days he did not tell me anything about his plan. So I did not understand exactly what was in my father's mind. But I could see by his manner that he was trying to put me away somewhere. I thought that I was too poor a scholar and had not ability enough to succeed my honorable father, and, therefore, he was discarding me from his family.

My heart was now filled with sorrow, and I cried like a child, recalling the most unhappy state of my life since the death of my beloved mother. I thought all earthly hopes were vain ; and at the same time, there came to me the

thought of leaving my father, and of devoting my life to the Ainos, the uncivilized race of Japan, like the Indians of America.

After some weeks, when I read a book called "The Revival of Yoshitsune," a story of a Japanese prince who fled to Tartary and became the world-renowned Genghis Khan, as the Japanese and Chinese scholars believe, my heart was strongly fixed, and my young desires prompted me to follow in the track of that old, distinguished hero. Thus, from that time, I devoted myself wholly to the study of books adapted to my plan, such as natural and physical geographies and some agricultural books instead of to my regular lessons in philosophy and law. Of course, that was all unknown to my father.

One morning after my father had gone out to the court-house to his official duties, I took my books to study as usual. Just as I was copying the maps of Manchuria and Siberia, my father suddenly came home, on account of some illness. As soon as he found the strange books around me, he exclaimed: "What are you trying to do now? Are those Confucius' great books of philosophy?"

But I kept silence. He suspected that I had not spent the time over my lessons during his absence every day.

"What is the meaning of this, and what have you to say?" repeated the indignant father, his anger increasing with every breath. "Do you

think that I am a blind man? Certainly, if you keep on in this way, you can never be my noble forefather's successor!"

Instantly, he rushed into my room and threw my desk and bookcases on the ground, and tore all my books into pieces.

"Now speak! what have you to say to this?" he repeated.

Still I did not say anything, but stood before him like a figure carved in marble.

"Listen! if you have nothing to say, I will give you two questions from which to choose: First, will you devote yourself hereafter strictly to my orders? Second, will you do your own pleasure in your own independent way?"

He bade me also give him a definite answer the next morning. Then he slowly passed from my room, leaving me to make my decision.

Our proverb says, "A father's love will be known after the son becomes the father of a child." I was too young yet to know the true, loving heart of my father. That night I could not sleep at all. In my wakeful hours I prayed for the first time to my unknown but true Father in heaven. "Ah, how weak and faulty are all human beings! I obey the word of my heavenly Father alone," I soliloquized. And though at that time, I did not know the wonderful verse in the Bible: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee," yet I had in my

mind almost the same feeling as that expressed by the inspired Word.

Now, I made up my mind positively to leave my earthly father, to devote myself to work among the Aino people, to remove them from their miserable island home to somewhere in Manchuria or Siberia; and to rule over them and set up my new kingdom on that vast unknown continent. That night I prepared for my journey, so that on the next morning I could be ready to start from my father's house.

Our old saying is, "A father's heart is more stricken than the heart of a cast-off son." My poor father now was painfully anxious about me. Early the next morning he called me to his study and asked me kindly about my choice, which he fully expected would be to stay at home with him. Hence he was the more disappointed when he heard my decision to lead an independent life.

"What, will you leave me here alone?" the poor father exclaimed.

Soon the crimson of his cheeks was gone, the long hidden tears like rain-drops now fell without measure.

Although it was the father's purpose to send his beloved son out into the world, yet when the reality came, he found it very painful to let him go from his bosom.

"You had better consider it again, my son," said he, and entered into his chamber. He wrote me, after many years, that when he went into his

room at the time of my departure, he prayed to heaven and asked its guidance for right judgment.

After about an hour he came out from his study and said in great sadness: "Go; I grant thee leave; be true and do right wherever thou goest."

Such was the origin of my long, wandering life. In an evil hour I started from my father's house, on the 12th day of July, 17th year of Miji.

If this story were written by some one else, the author would surely say: "On the whole, I have some doubts whether young Jenichiro's manner was quite as respectful as it ought to have been to one who was older and higher in office than himself. I should not recommend my young readers to imitate him in this respect." But it is my business to describe Mr. Jenichiro just as he was and to tell exactly what he did.

CHAPTER III

AT YEZO ISLAND

A YOUNG man is naturally strong and vigorous. He has a great variety of thoughts and feelings. Having many thoughts, his wisdom and wit gush forth like a spring of water. Having much feeling, his heart is easily moved. He has strong impulses, therefore he loves an active life rather than a quiet one. Truly, youth is like a glorious day of spring. It is the time of seed sowing, and whether this seed shall grow or decay depends upon the care taken of it. There is no other season so dangerous for a man as the days of his youth. The father or mother needs a strong hand to hold the reins straight and direct him safely through those hazardous days.

My father had now given up his hold of the bridle and rod, and he left me to run freely the wide world over, under the guidance of my greater Father in heaven.

I started from my father's house, and turned my feet toward Akita, my native province. When I arrived there, the first thing I did was to call upon my relative. The old lady was pleased to see me and welcomed me kindly, but as soon as

she heard that I had left my father's house, and had become a wanderer, she changed her first welcome into coldness.

"Well, well! I am, then, a perfect stranger to you, and am not your relative any more," she said briefly. She gave me a little food, wrapped in a paper; "I give you this for my part of hospitality. I want you to take this and get away from here at once!"

Such is the real condition of heathen friendship. "Heaven will reward you openly." I left her that word and departed hastily for the Island of Yezo, to work and die, as I thought, with the poor Ainos.

Yezo Island is situated in the northeastern part of the Japanese empire. Its original inhabitants are the Ainos, the uncivilized race that once occupied the main Island of Japan.

The origin of the Ainos is generally believed to be the same as that of the Mongols. But they are more like the ancient Jewish people. Some writer has said: "The Ainos are the descendants of the sailors and gold hunters sent out by King Solomon to gain spoil for his temple at Jerusalem." They are a good-natured, brave, and faithful people, though stupid, it may be. Among them there is no alphabet, no writing of any sort, and no number above a thousand. During the summer months they live in rude huts which are thickly covered with bamboo leaves and straw. Their daily labor in summer is chiefly fishing and hunt-

ing to prepare the winter stores ; and when the snowy months begin, most of them, excepting the chiefs and the more important ones, dwell in caves in the mountains.

“ A century ago the Ainos were living in the age of stone. They are beyond it now only because they have obtained knives from the Japanese. The stone arrow-heads, which one may pick up almost anywhere, even in the ploughed fields of Hakodate, have given way to heads of bamboo or iron. Their language is still a puzzle ; their traditions and myths are scarcely known except to a few students. They seem incapable of advancement. After a century of contact with the Japanese, they have learned no arts, adopted no improvements. The hunter to-day shoots the bear with poisoned arrow from a bow as primitive as early man himself, although the Japanese are famous for their archery and weapons.”

The Ainos, like other savages, refuse to live with civilized people. So when the Japanese settled a part of the seacoast on Yezo Island, they gradually left their own villages and towns for the interior, where perhaps no human foot was ever planted before.

On that account, when I arrived at Hakodate, the chief seaport of that island, I could not find any Aino people near the town. So I decided to make a long journey into the interior. I bought all necessary things, such as a tent, a small kettle and a pan, a pistol, a knife, and some provisions.



GROUP OF AINOS, YEZO ISLAND.

I started then toward the northwest, directed by my small pocket compass. The journey was a painful one. For there was no road, nor were there houses to rest in. Moreover, the wild animals, such as bears and foxes, troubled me a great deal, especially in the night. It was very strange, however, that the animals never came around my tent, though their noses scented me as pleasant game.

One afternoon, while I was passing through a thick forest which was covered with wild grapes and thorns, I found two young bears, not more than a month old, playing with each other. At that time my provisions had grown short and I was having a hard time. So I took my pistol and fired at one of those little creatures. The ball entered his head and he fell dead. The other cub became very much frightened. I ran after it and caught it with my hands. The cub was just like a fat young puppy, with black hair and thick clumsy paws. I tied its neck with a rope intending to keep it as my pet. Meanwhile the day was almost gone ; so I stretched my tent to spend the night. I gathered sticks and dried leaves, and made a fire. Then I dressed my new game, which when nicely cooked was eaten by myself and the victim's brother.

That night, about eleven or twelve o'clock, I heard a strange noise as though some one was digging around my resting-place. I thought it was a mountain robber. I made a small hole in my

tent, and looking out, by the bright moonlight I saw the large, angry mother-bear just trying to enter my tent by digging away the ground. Of course, she was going to kill me in revenge for killing her son. I was taken unawares, for I had forgotten to take my pistol into the tent. But at last I found way of escape. Fortunately my tent was pitched close to a tall oak tree, so I made a hole in the canvas with my knife just large enough to crawl through ; then I slipped out and climbed up the tree ; thus I escaped from the mouth of the malicious animal. More than once the bear tried to climb to the place where I was, but she was too heavy to come so far. I was in the top of the tree until noon the next day, when the mother-bear disappeared impatiently with her recaptured cub. I then came down with trembling limbs, gathered all my things, and departed with the loaded pistol in my hand.

My provisions were all gone now. So I often went into Aino huts and begged some food to eat. "Now I have become a penniless beggar to the poorest Ainos whom I desired to help," I said to myself with a hearty laugh. Though I had plenty of money in my pocket, yet it was useless in the interior of the savage island. At last I reached a large Aino town. While I was walking round the village I met with a young native who could speak the Japanese language somewhat. I asked him to take me to a good Aino family where the host would be willing to give me a room.

He then kindly took me to the chief's residence.

The chief was a tall gray-haired man with a long white beard. He had a rather white or foreign complexion as compared with that of the average Aino. I was warmly welcomed by him and his family. The old man showed me all his precious things which had been handed down from generation to generation. He told me that it was his great sorrow not to have a son to inherit all those things.

The next day the chief asked me to give a talk on the Japanese prince, Yoshitsune, the Aino's favorite and one of the supreme gods. That night a crowd of natives gathered, in response to a notification by the chief. In the open air I spoke to them through my native interpreter. The chief and all his people seemed much interested in me. At the close of my speech they came to me and asked me if would stay with their chief and help him, offering to support me with all things necessary as long as I should live. By such kind words of the uncivilized, yet good-hearted people, I was greatly moved. I thanked a kind Providence and temporarily settled myself in that native village.

The honorable judge's only son had now become a poor Aino, wearing a peculiar kind of cloth which was made from the bark of trees; eating mainly salt bear, dried fish and seaweed, with a little barley and rice occasionally. My morn-

ing labor was fishing and farming ; in the evening, I taught the alphabet as a basis for writing the Aino language.

My voluntary work became gradually successful. One day I heard through a native that there was a white man named Batchelor, teaching these people somewhere on the island. "How kind!" I said to myself. "Even a foreigner sympathizes with our poorest Ainos. How much more should we, the Japanese, help these unfortunate brethren." From that time, and as the outcome of my experience, the question arose in my mind of introducing some proper religion among these people unknown to the world. "Shall I lead them to Buddhism? or Shintoism? Nay! I should never let these people worship idols, neither introduce any religion that has no knowledge of the true Father of the universe."

I believed thoroughly that spiritual progress was more needed by these Aino people than mere material advance. It was my desire to give them a true religion. But in those days I did not know what was the true religion. I was like a blind man on that subject ; and it was quite impossible for a blind man to lead the blind. So I began to pray, and to ask my unseen Father which religion I should follow. "Seek after the true Saviour, and follow him," was what I seemed to hear as a divine answer within me.

I was now obliged to give up my intense desire to take the Aino race to the continent. Here I

must confess my ignorance. At that time I thought that the great country of Siberia did not belong to the Russian Empire, but was independent, or without any form of government. I gave up my plan of establishing a new kingdom on the mainland, and, instead of it, was now seeking most diligently after the true spiritual King, and the way of building up his kingdom upon the earth.

Although at that time I did not know much about the "foreign doctrine," yet when I was at school I had read that Christianity is the principal religion among the civilized nations, especially in the United States of America.

My question was how I could get to America and get a higher education. One beautiful day, when I took my old garment out into the sunshine to rid it of the mould, I found a map of North Siberia and Alaska in one of the pockets. I thought it was providentially brought to my hand, and I studied it carefully. At last I made up my mind to come to the United States of America by crossing the Kurile Islands, Kamchatka, North Siberia, and then Alaska. Thence I expected to reach California, the place so well known all over the world for her valuable gold mines. "What a strange man I am," I said to myself, "for I am going to California to dig out the bright golden truth instead of the shining dust of the earth!"

I am sure that no traveller in the world had ever tried such a queer expedition as I had planned. Of course I needed a large quantity of provisions.

So I got up every morning about five o'clock and went to fish herring and salmon with a company of natives within the chief's dominion. On bright days I cut the herring in two, from head to tail, and hung them outside and made nice dried fish; and on rainy days I cut them in the same way and hung them up in my fireplace and made delicious smoked herring.

It was now the beautiful autumn. The good-hearted daughter of the chief kindly picked wild grapes for me whenever she went into the forest. I did not eat any of the fruit but hung it on the sunny side of the house and made a kind of raisin.

"Why don't you help yourself instead of making such dry grapes?" very touchingly she demanded of me every time she gave me the fruit, and each time my heart was broken; for the poor, loving sister did not know my great truth-seeking desire, because of which I was preparing the provisions, and because of which I was going to bid her a long farewell!

CHAPTER IV

ON TO AMERICA

THE hoar-frost lay glittering over the tender grass. The forest leaves had changed their deep green color to yellow and red, and the first winter winds were wearily sighing.

"Oh, how wondrous rare the autumn scenes are ! But yesterday the summertide was here, and now it is dead. So comes and goes our life. At the longest, how short it is ! But though so short and so full of meaning, yet here, on this desolate isle, for no crime I have done, I find myself a lonely exile. I have no relative to comfort me, neither do I see any prospect before me but to be pitied by the poor Ainos," I soliloquized. Then I began to pray in a loud voice as though addressing some one near my side : " Father in heaven, have mercy on me ! Come now and take full possession of my soul. And if thou wilt, let me soon leave for the land of light and happiness."

" Why will you forsake us now, and go away for the land of light and happiness, you cruel man ?" was the sudden, anxious word of the chief's daughter, who had come close to my window and

heard the last words of my prayer, and now gazed straight into my eyes.

For a maiden of no more experiences, it was natural, perhaps, that she should have such a suspicious idea. But it was a very painful extremity for me. Since my arrival at the island, it had been my custom to love all people ; and it is the law of nature that if we love others, they will return the love. Among such people, however, things are often misunderstood, such for example as pure affection for a worldly love ; nobleness for pride ; servileness for humility, and for stinginess economy, etc.

“ May be so, but you must not mind me at all. I have a great duty to undertake for the good of the whole community. I must leave here for America sooner or later.” I spoke kindly, yet my heart was beating fast, and I felt exceedingly sad and gloomy. But my intense love of the truth overcame all this difficulty.

“ Oh, you wicked, wicked person ! ” she cried.

Surely she must have thought of me as a cold-minded youth, for she was not intelligent enough to understand that my plans, as well as my experience and education, obliged me to act as one indifferent, although my heart was tender and full of sympathy.

“ You wicked young man ! I will tell my father all the cruel things that you have spoken to me.”

Soon the color flew into her face, and she gath-

ered the brown cloak closer about her eyes, and ran into her father's house.

The faithful and noble-looking chief and three of his younger brothers walked quietly toward my abode. When I said to them "Good afternoon, attenas [elders]," they cordially raised their hands and stroked their beards, as was the custom of the Ainos in their hearty salutations.

"My young prince," said the chief, "did I not look upon you with favor? and have you any disagreement with me? I pray you, abide with us."

"Thank you a thousand times. I want you to listen now to my speech and hear the reason for my departure," I said to him with fervent devotion. "Just now we have no true religion. The dark curtain of immorality and cruelty covers all classes of society. Charity is unknown even among worthy people. Thus those of the poor class are forever poor. The majority of them have no social standing and are treated but little better than brutes. For example, see the condition of your own people. In this glorious age you live as your ancestors lived a thousand years ago. Let me ask why? Because none of our able and worthy men ever paid any attention to you, or gave any sympathy. Indeed, this proscription, this galling yoke of bondage, must and shall be broken, if my heavenly Father will permit me to undertake the work. The causes of all these things are undoubtedly to be found in Buddhism.

See the condition of the people of India where it had its origin. So with Siam, Anam, China and Corea, the most prominent Buddhist countries, many centuries ago. They are now just dying before the superior power of modern civilization. Let, then, their wreck be our warning. I must save my country from such desolation. And for that cause I must leave this country for the land of saints to learn first, under the guidance of my kind Providence, how to deliver you."

The amiable old chief and his staff were so much excited by my long speech that the tears rolled down their cheeks, and they said that I was not a man, but an angel sent by the Spirit.

"Go, my prince, and bring us the precious things from the land of saints," was the chief's encouraging word to me.

After a few days I bundled together all the things which had been prepared for my long, snowy journey, such as a suit of winter clothes, a snow cap, a bag which was just large enough to put my body into, and one pair of boots—the materials of all which were made of bearskin; plenty of dried meat and smoked fish, dried, cooked rice, beans and some raisins, etc. The chief brought a young native to carry my heavy provisions, and told me that he could accompany me until I reached the very end of the island, where I would depart for America.

A large number of Ainos came to me with presents of skin-cloth, shoes, and some dried fish

and food, and bade me an affectionate farewell. I did not take any gifts, for I had as much of my own provisions as we could carry.

The chill of autumn was in the air, and the white flakes of snow covered the tops of the mountains. Now, as the wise men followed the star, I started with my young native servant from the old island home toward the United States of America.

I turned my feet toward the northeast, directed by my pocket compass. After about three days of hard travelling, we came to a deep valley in Kitami. While we were passing through the wild, lonesome forest, we saw a dozen human skeletons and corpses lying here and there. I thought it was a very strange thing to find them in such a remote mountainous region. In my curiosity I determined to examine the cause of it. But my poor Aino servant, buoyant and adventurous as he was, was greatly frightened and began to cry like a child. I encouraged him, and we climbed up the wooded mountain. Midway up, the day became dark. Still pressing on far up, we saw a small light, which at last we reached. There we found an old house and a man sitting near the fireplace. We quietly walked near to the window to see what that man was doing.

"Hush! hush! my master, the man is preparing some poison from Kuma grass. Oh, what a devilish look he has!" my man whispered to me.

I knew that the hunters often made some

kind of poison to put on the tip of their arrows and spears to kill wild animals, yet, at the same time, I had some doubt whether the place was not, perhaps, a resort of mountain thieves and murderers. So I tried to escape without meeting with the man. Just then we were discovered by two wolf-like dogs. They barked after us very loudly, so that the man took notice of it and came out to the entrance of the house.

"Is there any stranger at this time of the night?" the man cried, and when he found us outside, he continued in a deep, thoughtful voice: "Come in, friends. This is a mountain inn, and, if you like, we can give you some warm dishes, too."

We had no place in which to hide ourselves, so I gave a solemn command to my servant that when we went inside the house he must not eat or touch anything; also that we must be very careful to guard ourselves from any danger.

The host seemed to me between forty and fifty years old, and he had a repulsive appearance. When we entered the house, he cleared all things away into a closet; then he served us tea and some sweetmeats. We did not touch either of them, as we had previously promised.

After I had narrated several wonderful stories of my journey, I remarked to the man that we had seen many human skeletons in the valley. When he heard this, he broke into a laugh, yet I noticed in his face that he looked surprised.

"Nothing strange about it, my young fellow. Some years ago this place was occupied by two men, and they kept it as a lodging house. I heard afterward that they were thieves who robbed the travellers and murdered them, then cast their bodies into the valley. That was what you saw, I suppose."

He then began to light his old pipe with the most spiteful expression of face that I ever saw. "Oh, was that all about it?" I replied to him, but in my heart I doubted whether that man was not doing the very same thing.

After we went to our chamber, my man told me, in a very low voice, that the host was surely a thief and murderer, as he had heard about him before. He then advised me to escape before the old man should come to kill us. I, of course, agreed with him, and we noiselessly gathered our things. After we were ready to start, I threw from the window some dried fish and meat to the watch-dogs. While they came and were eating the food, we jumped out from the window and ran directly toward the east without being disturbed by the dogs or the man. Soon we found a good road, and after two days of difficult journeying, we reached Nemuro, one of the sea-ports on the northeastern coast of Yezo Island.

Some one, perhaps, will laugh at me because I took such a strange way to reach America, since there are so many fine steamers on the Pacific nowadays. But my nature was such that I desired to

do what others did not try. Because of such a peculiar nature, I have met with many hardships and much misery in my life ; but, on the other hand, I have acquired a great deal of experience. A man cannot learn how to swim without getting wet. There is no other way to get wisdom except by toil and study. Though a young artist may have a serviceable machine to copy and enlarge the photograph for his canvas, still let him use freely his own hand to draw a portrait from life. So must it be with the young business man and the scholar. Though he be brought up in a worthy family, yet he needs the bitter tonic of the world. He will become strong, and get a wisdom out of his own experience that the universities cannot give.

CHAPTER V

CROSSING KURILE ISLANDS

NOW, my next plan was to cross the Kurile Islands, North Siberia and Alaska. So I tried to discharge my faithful servant, giving him plenty of provisions, clothing, and some other things which I bought in the town. But my man refused to go back to his old home, and asked me to take him wherever I went, even to America. I wanted him very much, but, on account of the scarcity of provisions, I dismissed him and urged him to go back home and carry my message to the old chief.

From the port of Nemuro I took passage on a small junk to Etorofu Island, one of the largest of the Kurile group. I went there because there were no ships going farther than that island from the port during the winter season.

The snow had fallen, and the northern winter wind blew sharply, as if it would spear my flesh. I was now landed ; and on the way along the half-frozen shore, I found a great many salmon without heads. I imagined that the natives ate, perhaps, only the head and threw away the flesh. So I picked up one or two of them, expecting to use them for my dinner. I heard afterward from a native that bears came during the night and

caught the salmon out of the water, and ate only the head and left the flesh. Foxes, too, were plentiful everywhere on the island. They are never afraid of a man, even if he is armed. Thus I was providentially blessed, and had no trouble about provisions while I was wandering on that island; for I could catch game at any time I wanted it.

By an Aino hunter I was introduced to a worthy native. He was a very rich fisherman, employing hundreds of Japanese and Aino laborers during the season of herring and salmon fishing. I was kindly made welcome to stay with his family.

One day I heard that a junk which belonged to him was preparing to sail for the neighboring island, called Onekotan. I told my host about my desire to go farther until I should reach the main land. He advised me to wait until the coming spring. But, in my eager desire after truth, I could not control even my own self. After receiving his kind permission, I embarked with two Aino passengers who were going to that island to hunt under appointment of the Japanese government.

Very soon the junk spread her queer, single sail and moved out to sea. That night we had a terrible storm. The sea became very wild. I was very seasick and lay in my bed in an almost dying condition. The storm increased with such fury that the sailors said they had never seen a worse one.

We wandered about on the deadly sea for over seven days, eating nothing but dried, cooked rice and a few dried fish without a single drop of fresh water. More than once I saw the master of the ship and his crew uniting their hearts and praying to their supposed god of the sea for help. The scene touched me very strangely; for I knew well that when they were in port they had done all sorts of wicked things, and even on the sea, in calm weather, they practised most pitiful sports, such as fighting with each other, gambling and drinking, etc. But now before the wonderful works of the Almighty "which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea," they returned to their true, original nature, and all became God-fearing men. I acknowledged more and more that we must not give ourselves wholly to worldly things, and forget our God the Father, recalling him only in the time of bitter trial, as these rough sailors did when they met such a horrible storm.

After about seven days of wandering, we anchored in the small bay of Onekotan Island. As soon as the junk had discharged her cargo and taken some fresh water, she weighed anchor and left the bay, leaving behind her the young Japanese refugee and two Ainos.

There were no trees on the shore, but the ground was covered everywhere with ice and snow. On the southern coast of the island, hundreds of walrus spend their time partly in feeding

upon the shell-fish, which they dig up from the bottom with their tusks, and partly in sleeping upon the icy shores. Now the hunters all began their work, and I, too, went with them to chase the game.

Our homes were the old caves in the snowy hill, and my bed was the bearskin bag. I had plenty of provisions at hand, such as salmon, fox, and seal meat, but I suffered from one thing, viz., there was not dried wood enough to make a fire to cook my food. So I often ate the raw, frozen fox or seal flesh, with which the natives provide themselves on a long winter journey.

One beautiful morning when I went down to the shore, I saw some large plaice and haddock swimming near the bottom. I had a line, but there was no fish-hook. I just tied a small bit of meat on one end of the line and threw it into the water. The sea was so clear that I could see the fish gathered at the place. Soon one of them ate the meat. I waited for six or seven minutes after the fish swallowed the bait, then slowly pulled the line toward the shore and the fish came with it. In that manner, I caught them every day.

Time passes like the wind. I had been on the island about eleven days, and though I had kept my eyes open for a passing ship, not a single sail had I ever sighted. Still I kept up good heart and ceased not to pray. One day when I was fishing as usual, I saw a schooner coming full speed toward the island. "Surely, the heavenly Father

has not forsaken me!" I screamed for joy. Within a few hours she dropped anchor in the bay, and the sailors, who were all foreigners, landed. Among them I saw one Japanese. I heard through him that the ship was a "secret fishing-boat" which belonged to a Norwegian captain. The ship came to the island to get some fresh water, as well as to hunt seal, sea-otter and foxes.

When I saw the captain, I asked him, through the Japanese interpreter, if he could take me either to Kamtchatka or any of the nearest ports in America, saying that I would give him a large sea-otter skin, five fox skins and the skins of two seals which were killed all by myself since I came to that island. The captain told me, in a low voice, that the ship had no license for fishing or hunting on the Arctic water, so he could not enter any of the open seaports. But he was willing to give me a passage as far as to the Paramushur island if I wished to go. I thought if I missed that vessel, it was quite uncertain when I should meet with another chance to leave the island. So I decided to go with him. I took all my things and went on board with the captain.

The sailors did not hunt any game on that island, for they knew that there were some Aino hunters, under governmental appointment, stationed on the shore. They took plenty of fresh water and sailed out of the bay early the next morning.

The captain of the vessel was very kind to me

in every respect. When I offered him the sea-otter and seal skins for my passage, he told me that he would not take them unless he paid me some money. He gave me five pounds in English coin, some clothing and necessary provisions.

The sea became quite wild, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us; but this time I had no fears whatever, because the ship was very strong, unlike that poor junk in which I had taken passage previously.

After sailing about three days toward N. E. N., "Land!" was shouted by one of the sailors. Early next morning we saw the Paramushur Island on our right. Almost at the same time, in the far distance, we saw an immense smoke and three stout masts. The captain, upon report of the officer, came out of the cabin with a chart in his hand and went up to the bridge. He took the glass from the chief officer who held it, and after taking a long look at the steamer, turned round to the officer, and said:

"I guess that is the Russian cruiser which is watching the coast for the secret fishing boat."

The frightened captain summoned "all hands"; and after the sailors gathered on deck, he gave a loud command, "Heave to!" and within a few minutes, "First life-boat's crew!" Soon a small boat was afloat on the wild Arctic wave. The captain, with his kind presents of food and some clothing, sent me ashore on that small boat manned by three sailors.

After the boat and crew returned on board ship she sailed immediately toward the southeast, leaving behind her the poor young fellow on the bare island. And though a brave and adventurous youth, yet when I got the last sight of the vessel which was just sailing homeward, many tears rolled out from my eyes!

CHAPTER VI

ON RUSSIAN SOIL

THE Paramushur Island—so I spelled the name after hearing the pronunciation of the Norwegian captain—is located on the southwest of Cape Lopatka in Kamchatka.

I was now landed alone on that island, and walked here and there to see if any house or human being existed there. But I could scarcely find anything as far to the north and east as the eye could range from a snowy hill to a sparkling iceberg.

I took snow and rolled it again and again until it became a large snowball about five or six feet in diameter. I made dozens of them, and I built with them a wall. Then I pitched my tent in the midst of them. Soon a violent storm set in and dark night came down upon me. I took out my bearskin bag, and I put my whole body into it, and had a horrible dreamy sleep under the little snow house.

When I awoke the next morning, I found numerous tracks of animals all around my snow wall; and just as I found the animals' footprints, I remembered that I had forgotten to bring my pistol from the schooner. It gave me great sor-



"AND MY WHOLE BODY WAS NEARLY BURIED IN THE VAST MASS OF SNOW."

row, as I now had no weapon with which to chase game for my daily food, or to defend myself against the wild beasts.

After I had finished my breakfast of a few dried fish and some hard sailor biscuits which the captain had given me, and had eaten a little snow in place of water, I began to follow the tracks. For I thought that the tracks might be dogs', and if so, they must be owned by some native dwellers. But after about three or four hours' walk, I missed the animals' footprints on account of the violent storm.

Now the white flakes of snow were falling continually; and I knew not which way to go. While I was wandering here and there, my feet suddenly sank into a drift and my whole body was nearly buried in the vast mass of snow. I was in danger of death; yet I never doubted for an instant that the same Providence which had brought me from my country, and saved me from the mouth of the angry bear, and also from the hand of the spiteful mountain robber, was still preserving and watching over me. And so it was. Just then I was carrying on my back, together with the provisions, a long stick which I used to hold up my tent. By that long stick, which I had fixed on my back transversely, my body was prevented from sinking into the depths. So now, by treading with my feet to harden the snow, I came to the surface again. With most hearty thanksgiving to my Father, I followed back on my old tracks.

It was a very unpleasant forenoon, snow-squalls rushing in rapid succession down the gulf and out of the snowy hills. Now I did not know which way I must go ; and while I was standing on the icy shore, I saw a smoke coming up between the two hills in the distance. I felt happy, for I had seen an object of hope, like Columbus who found the seaweed floating from the American coast when he was in a state of great discouragement.

After eating my little dinner, I began to walk toward the smoke. This time I went round along the seashore, because I was afraid of slipping again into a drift of snow. About noon I reached the place, where I found quite a number of dwellings or snow burrows which were built very closely together and formed a little village.

While yet in the distance, I saw half a dozen people walking directly towards me, and when they came close to me, I could not tell to what nationality or race they belonged. The men looked hard and bony with a white-brown complexion, blue eyes, and dark-brown hair.

“Zurastway ! zurastway !” they shouted to me.

I did not understand what they meant, but I imagined that it must be their salutation to a stranger. So I repeated it after them. “Zurastway ! zurastway !” This I learned afterward from a native, meant “Welcome ” or “Good-day.”

When I repeated the native word, they laughed at me with true savage contempt ; but when they

noticed my long stick, the tent holder which looked so much like a spear, they changed their tone.

I could not speak the native language, so they simply surrounded me talking to each other and laughing. After they had closely examined me, an elderly man with a long black garment came forward and said something which I could not understand; then he took me to his dwelling in a snow burrow.

The snow house was made out of stone and the bones of animals. It consisted of two round shaped huts; the smaller one was the entrance and was used as a barn; the larger one was the main dwelling-place. Between these two, there was a narrow tunnel just large enough for a man to creep through. On the outside these houses were all covered with snow and ice.

When I entered the snow burrow, the old man who had lead me in began to talk with me in broken Japanese. He said that he was a priest of a Greek church in Moscow who came on a missionary tour once every year through these regions. He told me very kindly that I could stay in that house; and soon we became good friends.

One day the old priest said that he was going to visit all the native families. He bade me follow after him with the "holy box" which contained the images of Mother and Child, small round cakes, a jug full of water, a rosary, matches and candles,

-

etc. I carried the box and followed after the priest who performed peculiar religious ceremonies with each family. I had a good opportunity to observe the native manners and customs very closely.

In one of the snow houses, I saw a man who was entirely different from the ordinary natives. "What nation do you belong to?" I asked. The man told me that he was an American sailor named "Jack." His ship had been wrecked on the coast, and he was the only sailor saved; and about a year ago he had arrived at that island in a small boat which belonged to the old ship. But all the native islanders said that he was a bad man who had been banished to that island from "Merika." So they gave him very little sympathy; yet "Jack" seemed to enjoy the island life.

Among these people, child marriage was still practised. In one family I saw a boy not older than eleven or twelve who had a little baby wife about nine or ten years old. I did not find very many old men or old women. One of the natives told me, mostly by gesture, that when the winter season begins, only the young people retire to their burrows, and the very old folks are generally left alone in their old summer cottages, either to starve or to be eaten by the hungry beasts.

Among them there was no writing of any sort, neither could they count beyond six or seven. So they did not know their own or their children's ages.



SNOW HOUSE.

Now my business was not like that of the Arctic explorers who seek after a fortune or the advancement of science, but "On to America" was my only thought. So I could no longer stay on that island. I was right sorry, however, to leave the comfortable native house, for the snow outside was drifting with the gale like a violent ocean wave.

The Russian priest had done his work, and was trying to leave the island for Petropaulovsk, the only open port in Kamtchatka. He told me that he could accompany me to the mainland, if I wanted to go. So we packed all our things and waited for the chance of a ship passage.

One moonlight night we heard a great shouting of men away beyond the snowy hill. The priest and I took our lightest sledges, each of which was drawn by two natives; for our sledge-dogs were gone and we could not find them.

When we reached the place, we saw a company of five or six men chasing or rather fighting with a large walrus on the half-frozen shore. In a minute or two, one man made a feint of thrusting a spear at the right side, and, as the animal turned toward the threatened attack, another hunter gave him the death wound; and the giant walrus fell into the hands of his pursuers. After the bloody work was over we went near to the men, and the priest talked with them a long time.

The company were the sailors of a whale-ship which was anchored in the bay. The next morn-

ing, the old Russian priest went on board to see the captain ; and on his return, with happy, smiling face, he told me that the shipmaster had promised him to take us as far as Petropaulovsk.

We bound together all our things, and the next morning we left our snow burrow. We were surrounded by the people who came to see our departure and to say farewell.

My friend "Jack," the wrecked American sailor, kindly presented me an old rifle for my protection. I gave him a little silver watch for our friendship and memory.

The natives came to the priest one by one with tears in their eyes, and he put his arms around their necks and kissed them. After he had done this to nearly all of the natives, he made a touching prayer. We then embarked and the ship weighed anchor and sailed away towards the northeast.

CHAPTER VII

SENT BACK TO JAPAN

OUR good ship carried us safely to the port in Kamtchatka. It was very near daybreak. The moon and the dawning sunlight, mingling together, made the white sparkling ice cliffs along the shore more glittering than a solid diamond hill, as Milton imagined it. By its contrasted brightness, we saw clearly the harbor's indigo horizon, and we entered the port without calling a pilot.

The wind was cold, and every drop of the seawater that came upon the deck froze immediately. The ironwork around the vessel became so cold in this severe weather that, if we touched it with bare hands, it would fasten them tightly, and often burn them or take the skin off, as when we put our fingers on a red-hot iron poker.

Some time before the ship entered the port, our Russian monk became dangerously ill. When she entered port, the sick priest, the captain and I went on shore, and the sick man, accompanied by the captain, was taken to a military hospital on a reindeer sledge.

At that time my appearance must have been very strange to the natives. For I wore a heavy coat, cap and gloves made of deerskin; under-clothing and shoes of sealskin, and heavy trousers of bearskin. Moreover, the provision-bag, together with the tent and its holder, were slung over my back, and the old rifle which my friend "Jack" had given me was carried across my shoulder.

When I came near to the town I saw a large building which looked much like a soldiers' home. As I approached the house, I saw a dignified officer hurrying toward me. When he came near, he said to me something like this: "Koji pai joss?" The officer repeated the same word again and again; but of course I could not understand it. He then summoned another officer who looked much like a soldier. They motioned me to follow them, which I did, and I was taken to a Japanese interpreter's house. "Koji pai joss?" Where did you come from? the officer asked me again. I told him that I came from Yezo Island, and was only a common traveller. But it seemed to me that he did not believe my words.

"Why, then, do you carry such a rifle and spear?" said the officer. "You are indeed a very doubtful man. You must be either a spy or a wrecked pirate!"

"Oh, no, no, sir!" I said, in my excitement.

Then the officer asked me again: "Have

you any passport signed by your own government?"


"No, sir, I have not," was my answer.

Now the officer could only shake his head; and afterward he said something like this very emphatically: "Pai-joe swai-mister!"—(You must go back to your own country!)

The officer gave a strict command to the interpreter, and committed me to his hands until further notice.

After I came to the house of the interpreter, I thought that, if I should tell the whole story and ask his friendly sympathy, perhaps he would let me go. I told him about my plan of going to America by crossing the Arctic regions. The story, however, terrified him a great deal. He told me that he never heard of any man who had tried such an expedition before. More than once he told me that it was quite impossible to go through such a great, snowy country; not only on account of the difficulty of getting provisions, but because of the wild animals, such as white bears and starving wolves, that would kill me and eat me up.

The next day an official order came, saying that I must leave the country as soon as there was a chance of a passage. The interpreter told me that there was just a chance that I could go on a whaling ship which would sail for Hakodate, the chief seaport of Yezo Island. He gave me a letter addressed to the captain, and urged me to



go home directly on that ship. I could not help it ; so I obeyed him. A few days after I embarked, the Russian vessel spread her white sails and left the port.

Along the near coast of Yezo Island we saw unnumbered whales that appeared off the larboard bow, first throwing up glittering fountains of spray, then rolling their great, glossy black backs upward. They followed after our ship in full strength. It seemed as though they were racing with us. The captain ordered his men to be ready to launch the boat at a moment's order. He then let one of the crew throw a dynamite bomb. It was done, and struck right on the head of one of the largest whales. The gallant sailors set out in the boat with sharp harpoons in their hands. The struggling whale now became quite mad, diving into the depths, and jumping upon the surface of the water. The men followed him, paying out the long rope attached to the harpoon with which they had stabbed him. At last, his strength was exhausted. The sailors towed the game back to their ship, cut it into many pieces, and took oil from it by boiling it in a large, iron pot.

We spread our sails again and went forward through a terrible storm. The sea became very surgyful ; still the ship was so large that we put our trust in her, and had no feeling of danger.

As we entered the inland sea, the gale died away and the water became as tranquil as oil.

The pilot-boat came, and the ship was towed into the harbor of Hakodate.

Although we arrived there in the early morning, and I was set free, I waited until dark before landing; for, my outward appearance being so strange, I thought the people might wonder at me as in the previous port.

As soon as I landed I went into a second-hand store and bought a suit of ordinary clothing and changed it for my old skin garments. I then let a *jinriki* man draw me to a hotel. I enjoyed my square meal and warm, comfortable bed for the first time since I left my father's house.

The next morning, while yet I was in bed, recalling my unsuccessful adventure, I sunk into deep sorrow. In bed, as well as in the parlor, I had many struggles with myself as to what course I should take, whether I should go home or try to go to America once more.

One day, while I was walking on the busy street of Hakodate, "Young master! young master!" was exclaimed from behind me; and when I turned, I found a man who had been my aunt's old house servant many years before. I was very glad to find my man in such a remote island. After he heard of my stopping-place, he told me it was too expensive for me to stay in such a big hotel, and advised me to leave there and abide with him in his house.

With full confidence in the old servant's kind offer, I moved to his house. But soon after I

came to live with him, I found that his former character had wholly changed, and that he had become a drunkard and a gambler.

I visited one day a village near the town and spent the night there. When I came home the next day, the doors were all closed and locked, and I could not get in. I went to the neighbor's, and asked about the matter. The man told me that my mate had carried away everything and returned the house-key to its owner and was gone. I was greatly surprised. I got a key from the owner, and went inside, and there I found that my money and clothing were all gone, stolen by that miserable fellow ! My manuscript as well as the more valuable diary were taken away with the other things. And largely on that account, I have not been able to give the exact date of my early adventures in these chapters. "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint."

Very suddenly I became a poor man with none to help me but my Father in heaven. I learned more and more that worldly riches are not reliable ; but that laying up our treasures in heaven is the best thing. For though my old servant stole all my earthly property, yet he could not take away my inner faith and devotion which are truly the source of a man's outward success. Now the more I saw of the condition of this man and of the people in general, the more I longed to be able to bring light into my native land

rather than to the simple-minded Aino race alone. But it was a serious question.

The poor unfortunate lad did not know what to do except to roam around the town. One day, climbing up aimlessly to the city park, which was situated on a high hill, and taking a bird's-eye view of the landscape, I saw more than a dozen sailing ships and steamers floating in the harbor. While I was watching them, a new idea came to me. "I wonder how a traveller can cross the wide ocean and visit foreign countries?" I asked myself. "Of course, by a ship's passage. But the vessel itself cannot sail anywhere unless there are men on board. Then there must be some chance for me to go abroad if I become one of her crew. Though now all my things are stolen and I have become the poorest man in the world, yet I must not give up my intense desire of visiting the wonderful country, América," I answered myself.

Truly, meeting with such obstacles, I suppose nine out of ten young men would give up hope. Not only so, but demoralization would follow; and a robust young fellow would soon be beaten by it, and sink into the lowest society to his ruin. I came to understand that there is no journey upon this earth that a man may not make if he sets his heart upon it. There are no mountains he may not climb; there are no living creatures he cannot control, and there is nothing save the impossible that he cannot do. Then, if

we work and wait, and are single-minded, we shall sooner or later reach our mark.

“Sail on ; we've men in this great age
Now rich who once were poor.
Why will you fret and waste your time ?
Up, man ! to play your part.”

Finally, I determined to come to America as a seaman. But there was no chance in Hakodate as in Yokohama, the chief open seaport of the empire. I wanted now to go to that port. But ah, how could I cross the sea with an empty purse?

A few days afterward, I went to see a friend who was a purser in a large mail steamship which runs between Hakodate and Yokohama. The ship was lying in the harbor, and my friend stayed at a hotel. When I met him, I told him about my condition, and asked him to take me to Yokohama. The purser told me that it was a rule of the ship not to convey any passenger unless he paid the full fare, but if I could stay in his own cabin without showing myself to the captain till the ship got into the harbor, he would take me very willingly. I thanked my friend, and the same night I embarked on the big steamer.

Early the next morning after the deep sounding blast of three steam whistles, the mighty machine began its work, and with every movement the vessel went nearer to the happy home-land.

“Where there 's a will there 's a way.” It was

astonishing to see that whatever I had planned, I put immediately into execution, and generally succeeded with it. Only a few days ago I was only a disappointed wanderer, but was now voyaging to Yokohama on a mail steamer. A man can do almost everything if he has thought and energy to execute it.

After the ship arrived in port, my friend took me to his residence and kindly told me that if I wanted to go to America, in the first place, I must study the English language. He gave me some money, and promised to send me more whenever I wanted ; then he put me in the Yokohama English and Japanese Institute where I took my first lessons in a foreign language.

Money, as well as an easy life, is a source of many temptations. Now I found money always in my pocket, which was given me by my friend. Moreover, I lived in such a large, bustling city with so many luxurious friends, that little by little, my heart was corrupted. At last I became a member of a young sporting men's club, for which I was severely reproved by my faithful friend.

Indeed, liberty, without a true religious faith, is a dangerous thing for a young man. The desire to enjoy worldly pleasure and the tastes of a gentleman are not a very good stock to begin life with. Although I knew that there is my Father in heaven, yet I had never heard any direct teachings of him through his inspired Book. Thus my inner foundation was not very strong ; the more I

looked back upon myself, the more I craved a higher education.

One vacation day, while I was at my friend's house, there occurred a violent political outbreak at the Bonin Islands. A well-known Japanese steamship company was now preparing to send a ship to those islands by order of the government. Thereupon, my friend, the purser, highly recommended me to that steamship company, and I was officially appointed as an assistant paymaster on the ship which was to sail for the Bonin Islands.

Soon the ship weighed anchor and went from the harbor toward the south, conveying the government officers and men, together with the young wanderer. •

CHAPTER VIII

WANDERING ON THE SOUTH SEA

THE Bonin Islands lying in the Pacific extend in a direction nearly north and south, between the latitudes of $26^{\circ} 30'$ and $27^{\circ} 45'$ north, the centre line of the group being the longitude about $142^{\circ} 15'$ east. The group consists of three large islands, Peel, Buckland and Stapleton, or rather, in the native names, Father, Mother and Brother. These isles were known to the Japanese at a period as far back as 1675, and were described by them under the name of Bunin Shima, signifying "uninhabited island," whence the English term Bonin.

The splendid Father Island rises like a sea-nymph's castle out of the great deep. The headland and detached rocks have been thrown by former convulsions of nature into various odd forms, such as towers, fortresses, tunnels and strange animals. The noble mountain with its thick forest and gleaming cascades and the deep valleys with their rich growth of tropical vegetation, are picturesque and beautiful beyond description.

Along the coast, whales are often found, also huge crawfish, enormous shells, and an abundance of green turtles. Occasionally, one may find on

these islands a gigantic turtle about twelve or thirteen feet in diameter. Green turtles are to the native islanders what cattle and sheep are to a New England farmer. The natives catch the turtles alive, and feed them in a large pond in their own yards; generally the ships which come to the island obtain large supplies of them.

Without any special danger on our voyage, we reached the Peel or Father Island. As soon as we came to the mouth of the harbor, two canoes appeared, and we were boarded by a native pilot. We moved on slowly to an anchorage which was within a hundred feet of the northern shore, in a position completely landlocked, and sheltered from every wind.

The trouble in the Bonin Islands sprang from the lack of provisions. Some time before, when two or three whale ships had entered the port for water and other supplies, the islanders had sold all their garden produce, together with the rice and corn imported from the motherland. After these ships had departed, the natives found a painful scarcity of provisions for themselves. So they asked the governor of the island to provide them with rice and corn which had been stored up for use during a possible famine. The request, however, was refused. Then the people went with weapons and attacked the government office, broke open its storehouse and carried away the rice. When we entered the harbor, the chief leaders were put aboard our vessel, and we were

ordered by the governor to convey them to Tokyo.

One fine moonlight night, while I was walking along the sandy beach, I found a small canoe which was made of the hollowed trunk of a tree. Inside of it was a sail, two oars and a small fresh-water tank or barrel. I did not know to whom the canoe belonged, so I took off my shoes and left them on the sand where the boat lay, so that when its owner came he might know that I had borrowed the canoe just for a few hours. Then I launched it and set sail. I did not understand how to manage the native canoe, but the gentle wind which blew from the land side carried my boat swiftly outside of the harbor. I said to myself, with the utmost complaisance: "Surely, a man can do everything without any previous practice!" I thought I was a pretty good sailor to manage a sailing boat without previous trial. I did not think that it was not dependent upon my own skill, but was carried on by the ebb-tide and a favorable breeze.

When my canoe was far from the land, the moon disappeared, and I could hardly see anything but the twinkling stars. I was a little tired, so I attempted to sail back toward the shore. But I could not manage the sail, for the wind was now in the opposite direction. I took down the sail, and tried with all my might to row the canoe back toward the port, but I could not move it, for the current was too strong. I was now at

the mercy of the waves, and at last I was drifted to a small isle not far away from Peel Island.

I was miserably cast upon a desolate isle, and while I was wandering along the shore, the night was past. Feeling very hungry, I walked here and there to see if I could find anything that I could eat. Along the beach I found some large eggs of the turtle. I ate three or four of them raw. After I was through my breakfast, I launched my canoe again, and tried to sail toward Peel Island. But soon the wind's direction was changed, and it blew pretty fresh ; the sea became so rough that I was obliged to return to the shore.

Although there were plenty of goats, hogs and turtles, yet I had no weapon to hunt any of them for my sustenance. At last, I found out a way to catch the turtle. I dug out a deep hole on the sandy shore with the little mast of the canoe ; I put some broken eggs on the sand near the hole, and then, hiding myself in the pit, I waited until the turtle came to eat the bait. As soon as the animal came, I caught it by the tail, then with both hands turned it upside down so that it could not escape.

I dressed the game with my pocket-knife. At that time I smoked tobacco, so there were always matches in my pocket. I made a nice fire and cooked the meat, but the ashes and sand got all over it, and it was not very good. The next day I devised a new plan for cooking. With a sharp

stone I made a hole in a rock about the size of a small kettle. I filled this with seawater, and put my meat into it. Then I made a big fire and placed in it a half dozen small stones. When they became red hot, I took them out one by one with two dried sticks, and threw them into my newly invented kettle. Within a few minutes the meat was nicely cooked and the flavor was good, because it was boiled with salt water.

The next day the sea was still rough, so I was obliged to stay on that island. Now, I gathered some grass and branches of trees, and made a little home for myself. One morning, the morning of the seventh day, I saw a ship coming toward the island. "I am to be rescued at last!" I exclaimed joyously. The minutes seemed hours, the hours, days; and when the vessel came near, I found that it was my ship. It was very doubtful, however, whether the ship was coming to the island to save me or whether she was sailing homeward. One o'clock! two o'clock passed! and when she came close to my island, she immediately turned her bow toward N. N. W., that is, directly towards the home water. I gathered dried leaves and wood, and I made a big fire for a signal; I also shouted to her for help, waving my hands and coat. But they did not take any notice of me, and went away.

My heart was almost broken, and while I was struggling with myself in tears, the ship disappeared and my hope was dead! Yet I could not sit

down and wait for my death. I must try to save myself in some way or other. In the afternoon, the wind abated, so I launched my native boat, and rowed toward Peel Island.

Toward evening, while I was wandering on the sea, I saw a man in a canoe, looking for green turtles with his long harpoon. I cried to him for help. "O que qereis?" the man shouted back to me; but I could not understand his language. So I took out a silver dollar from my pocket, and held it in one hand, while with the other I pointed to myself, then toward the land, thus signifying that if he would take me to the port, I would give him that dollar.

Soon the man came close to my canoe, tied it to his own boat, and then rowed the two together to the shore. He told me in his broken English that he was a wrecked Portuguese sailor who had been over ten years on the island, and that he lived by fishing green turtles. About four or five hours after we started the old fisherman whispered to me, "O! Johoney, you'd better hide yourself down in the canoe. A big turtle coming! I will kill'm, you see."

On looking some distance away, I saw the animal with its big round back shell and its four feet and a large round head, swimming toward us. I was greatly frightened. The man bade me again lie down and hide myself in the canoe, but through curiosity, I put up my face on the gunwale, just enough to see how he would kill the big turtle.



"A BIG TURTLE COMING!"

The old man kept in position with his steel harpoon, waiting simply for the right distance. Just about one minute before he was to throw his weapon, a human voice was suddenly heard,

“Look out! here I am!”

I jumped immediately toward the old man and took away his harpoon. “Who art thou?” I cried to the man in the water. Then, I found that the supposed turtle was my best friend, the kind-hearted host of my cottage. I stretched out my hands and helped him to climb into our canoe.

The old fisherman gaped upon him in astonishment.

“Pois sim! Little more ye dead man,” he said to my host, showing him the big, two-edged sharp harpoon.

I gave the fisherman one dollar, as I promised him before, and let him go.

Now, my host rowed the canoe. While we were on the way, he told me that he had seen some one on the opposite little island, and also a canoe along the shore, and thought it must be myself with his missing canoe. Thereupon, he took a large, round-shaped buoy which was made of cork; he fixed it upon his back and swam out expecting to come and deliver me; and that was how he came into danger.

We soon came to the harbor and landed at the foot of his island home. The next day I went on board of a Japanese schooner which was lying in the harbor. There I heard from the captain

of that vessel that, during my absence, the officers of my ship searched for me all over the island and water. At last they found my hat and shoes on the beach. The officers thought that while was swimming I had met death by drowning. They kindly performed a religious ceremony in behalf of the drowned man, and the ship sailed away from the island. The captain of the schooner told me also that he was going to Ponape and the Liukiu Islands, then he would return directly home. Upon my request he promised to give me a free passage as far as Yokohama. Four days after I went on board, the ship left the Bonin Islands, and sailed away in the direction S. S. E.

After seventeen days of quiet sailing, we reached Ponape Island, one of the Caroline group. The island is of volcanic formation, having mountains 2,858 feet in height. On going nearer, we saw a white sand beach extending for miles like a field of daisies or an unexpected snow field in the tropics. The flora of Ponape is very rich. The splendid jungle of ivory and sago palms, the beautiful ferns at the base of the mountains, and the most curious mangrove trees growing in the salt water along the shore, make the island most picturesque and garden-like.

While the ship was in port, one of the ship's officers and I went ashore and stayed in a native house, where we were very hospitably treated both by the family and the neighbors. I had always thought the South Sea Islanders were a most bar-

barous race, cruel and warlike, and fond of eating human flesh, but I found that they were as gentle as innocent children, and that human nature in the South Sea Isles in very much the same as it is elsewhere. The only trouble there is the presence and influence of vagrant foreigners. The majority of them are wrecked sailors and poor adventurers whose characters set at defiance all religious and moral laws. They are disliked by the natives, just as the natives are disliked by us.

The native islanders, excepting a few, were naked,—covered simply around the loins with some kind of dried grass, or a piece of mat. Once I saw a worthy American, named "Jame," about forty years of age, walking with a native wife of twenty springs or so. He wore a suit of fine European clothes, and was walking arm in arm with the naked native woman. The scene impressed me as though a civilized Adam were walking with the Eve of the first creation.

Our captain was through with his trading, and now the sailing order was given. The officers and crew were all on board, except the purser's clerk. We waited for him two days ; but he did not come. The captain informed the governor about him, and we were now busy preparing for our long voyage.

The next day I was appointed by the captain to fill the place of the missing officer. We then spread our sails and departed toward the northwest, expecting to reach the Liukiu Islands.

CHAPTER IX

AT THE LIUKIU ISLANDS

WE were favored by the southwest trade-wind, and had a delightful run of twenty days; and with nothing to interrupt the uniformity of sea life we entered Port Napa in Loochoo Island.

The islands known as the Liukiu group are said to be thirty-six in number. They lie between $24^{\circ} 10'$ and $28^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude, and 127° and 129° east longitude. Formerly these islands were ruled by a king who paid an annual tribute both to Japan and to China. But in 1878 the whole island kingdom was annexed to Japan.

The Loochoo, where Port Napa and the capital are situated, is about sixty miles in length, from north to south, with a varying breadth of from five to ten miles. It has a great variety of scenery. The entire land is covered with the richest vegetation of both tropical and temperate climates. The harbor which we entered was a long, narrow inlet, in an amphitheatre of rocky hills, which were covered with picturesque groves of pine. The old ruins of stone wall and castle stood on the northern end like a natural wharf. Several fishing junks and one or two small coasting steamers were at anchor behind it.

By permission of our captain, two other young officers and I went on shore, and tried to explore the interior of the island. We hired a native guide, a young fellow, and started toward the north with two hunting dogs. In the capital we visited the magnificent stone castle which was built, so I was told, by Tametomo, a Japanese hero who had conquered the kingdom during the tenth century, and founded the family of Liukiu kings. As we went farther from the capital toward the northeast, the country became more beautiful and fertile. The valleys and hillsides were cultivated with care, and the hills were crowned with evergreen forests of bamboo, pine, banana trees, palms, and vines of all sorts.

The northern part of the island abounds in marshy thickets and hills overgrown with dense woodland, and infested with wild boars and poisonous snakes. After two days of hard journey, we came near the little village of Tomie. On the way, while we were walking through the thick forest, a strange barking of our dogs a short distance away, led us to turn our feet in that direction. When we came near the place, our guide went forward, and in a few minutes exclaimed, "Oh, help me! help! help!" and fell to the ground.

The poor guide was bitten on his face by a poisonous snake which had been chased by our dogs and had escaped into a tree-top, and when the man came near, the snake dropped down from

the tree right into his face, and had bitten him. Stones were thrown at the snake and our gallant dogs pursued him, and took revenge for their injured master.

The wounded native said, "I pray you, please bite my cheek that was bitten by the snake. I will get better soon." But neither of us had courage to do it.

Then he took a pocket-knife and cut away a small portion of the flesh, put a little mud on it and covered it with a cloth. Some of us wanted to go farther, but the poor guide told us that he felt very sick, and unable to proceed. We, too, were afraid to go any farther. So we returned by the same road to Port Napa, then to the ship.

It was very near January. Now I had to buy the things needed for our New Year festival, as it was my duty to purchase all ship provisions. But I did not know anything about the management, so I asked our ship-cook about it.

"Yes, my young officer, the festival is the great occasion of the year. I want you to buy big things for us this time."

"But the captain will not permit us to spend much money for it," I said to the cook.

"Never mind the expense; the ship company is large enough to do that, I'm sure," said the cook very flatteringly, and he added: "Though I am a first-class cook, yet without good materials, I cannot show my best hand; and how ashamed I

shall be when the officers complain that I am a poor cook!"

Our captain and the purser were not on board, so all things were under the direction of our chief officer. Soon the old ship-cook was accompanied by me to the shore to buy the things for our New Year's festival. In the market, I gave him perfect freedom to order whatever he needed. While I was staying in a tea-house, the cook went all round the market and bought game, fish, meat, vegetables, fruits, wine and a great many other things and returned to the ship.

On the next day, as it was the first day of January, we had a New Year's dinner in grand style, at which the officers and men were surprised, and our old ship-cook was praised by all.

Two or three days after, when the ship was preparing to sail from the port, the storekeepers who had sold us the articles of food for the New Year festival, came on board with their bills. I found the total sum was a little over one hundred yen, or about fifty dollars. My heart was now greatly troubled, because I did not mean to spend so much money for the one occasion. But it was too late. The only thing was to pay the cash. I went to the chief officer's cabin and showed him the bills; for the captain and purser were still absent.

"Over one hundred yen?" the chief officer exclaimed.

"Yes, the men are just waiting for your payment, sir!"

"What a careless fellow you are! It is the ship's law not to spend more than fifty cents for each man's rations for one day. The last year, we spent about thirty yen all together. Here I give you thirty, and for the remainder of the payment the ship has nothing to do," the officer said.

"But I was advised by our ship-cook; and you have had a fine dinner, too, and that was nothing but the exact cost. I want you now to pay the full bill, sir," I replied in the humblest manner possible.

"Cook! what do I care for the cook? Being the paymaster-clerk, you yourself must have the responsibility of that. If I go by the ship's law and judge the case, I shall have to punish you, young man."

"What do you mean? Have you any right to punish me?"

"Yes, yes, unquestionably! I have full power to punish you, if I want to."

"Do n't threaten me in that way any more; but do tell me how you would punish me."

"Foolish fellow! do n't forget that I have the power to discharge you right now at this island," the old sailor snarled to me.

"Discharge? Could you let me go away now?" I asked him.

At that moment I made up my mind to leave the ship; for I knew that in Port Napa there were

many chances either to return to Yokohoma, or go to China, where I could more easily find ships crossing the Pacific to America.

"Certainly I can! Do you want me to do so?" the officer said, because he believed that I would never leave the ship in such a remote island.

"All right, sir! From this day, then, I will be free from all my ship's duties. Give my regards to the captain and the others; and I say now a long good-bye to you, my friend."

I summoned immediately the native boat which was tied on the ship's side; I jumped into it and was rapidly conveyed from the vessel.

When I got ashore I went into a native friend's house, and borrowed a saddled pony, and rode to the capital of the island, Shiri, expecting to hide myself in that city, for I thought that if the captain heard the news, he would send men after me, and they would take me back to the ship again.

The Liukiu pony was small, but exceedingly spirited, and, for a stranger, very hard to manage. Though I had had no experience in riding a horse, yet I tried it, because I was in a great hurry. The pony walked very slow, as though he was not very well satisfied with an unskilful rider on his back. I was not very well satisfied with him either; so I cut a small branch of a tree and used it for a whip. The animal now began to gallop, plunging with untiring energy and some temper. When I came near the big market-place where a crowd of natives, men, women and children were

gathered, I wanted to stop my pony ; I drew back the rein very hard. Then the horse began to run faster than ever, and the more I drew back the bridle, the more he galloped like a mad animal. He went through the market-place in that way, dashing down several small stalls, and knocking down the men and women and injuring them terribly.

When my pony went through the street, I saw two men pursuing me. I was caught by them and taken to a police station. The officer asked my name and occupation, but I did not tell him my own name, for if I should, he might send me back to the old ship. I knew also the officer would fine me for injuring the people. So, while I was in the waiting-room, I put all my paper money into the lining of my hat, for as I was a helpless wanderer in a strange island, I could not pay all my money to the officer.

When I was summoned again to the office, I was sentenced to pay twenty yens fine, or in case I could not pay the fine, I must take two months hard labor.

After staying in the station-house two days, a native merchant came to the office to supply the provisions. When he looked at me, he wondered about me, because I was his best customer when I was on board ship. The man told me that, after I left the ship, the captain and the officers searched after me all over the town, but no one had any idea that I was in a prison-house. With

great disappointment, they sailed away from the port.

The next day the native merchant came again and paid my fine to the officer and delivered me from the prison. He told me that my old ship-cook left the sum of fifty yen in his hand and bade him give me that money when he should meet me after the vessel had sailed away, for I quit my office and the ship mostly for his sake.

While I was in the town of Napa there were many chances to go to the home-land, but I was not in haste to return. For I had an idea of visiting the Chinese empire to study the genuine philosophy of Confucius and also to observe the real heathen customs before leaving my Oriental home for America.

One day a friend came and told me that a native junk was going to Ning-Po, China. I went with him to the ship and arranged with the ship-master to go as a passenger.

Early the next morning, the old-fashioned junk stretched her queer sail and moved away toward the ocean; and in the course of a few hours Liukiu sank beneath the horizon, and the ship held on her way, west by north.

The sea between Japan and China is very wild throughout the year. The giant waves roll like mountains and the swift current passes like a great wind. One evening, when there was a dense fog, with frequent showers of rain, the ship struck upon a hidden coral reef, and broke the

helm. The wind was blowing fresh, the sea was running briskly, and the water rushed into the ship immensely. The captain ordered the crew to throw away all the ship's cargo except some few provisions, so that the junk might float until we could get ashore.

Early the next morning, when the fog cleared away, we found that we were in a bay of a small isle which is near the coast of China. We were all saved. I believed more and more that my life was guided by the unseen hand of our Father.

We dropped anchor, and landed in a small boat. We were busy at work, cutting down trees to fix the helm, and building a hut to rest in, while some of us were trying to fish for our sustenance.

That night, after a day of hard labor, we all retired, but about midnight I was awakened by a great noise of men. Soon I found that we were surrounded by a half dozen Chinamen whose appearance was more like a company of pirates.

The men came on a small boat, each one armed with a weapon. They arrested our shipmaster, and asked several questions of him. When they came to understand that we were honest Liukiu sailors, they released the captain. The head man of the Chinese party told us that, a few days before, a sailing vessel was robbed by pirates on the near coast of that island, so the steamer was sent by the authorities to search for the pirate ship. When the officers of the Chinese cruiser saw our

junk entering the bay of that island, they thought that we were the pirates, so they hid themselves on the back side of the isle and waited until night, so that they might attack us suddenly while we were asleep.

The head man of the company told our captain that if he would send some men to the steamer, he would give him some provisions. Three men and I were chosen to go with them. When we got to the steamer, I found that the chief officer of the vessel was my countryman. He told me that the steamer belonged to the Tien-Tsin custom-house, and she would soon sail back to that city. I told him about my misery, and asked him to let me accompany him to the city of Tien-Tsin. He spoke about it to the captain, and by his kind permission I was allowed to go on board of the steamer to the old "Flowery Kingdom."

The captain of the steamer gave plenty of provisions to the Liukiu junk, and left the bay and sailed toward the great Gulf of Pe-chili. After two days' cruise, we reached the mouth of the Tien-Tsin River.

My countryman, the chief officer, advised me, if I wanted to know the real customs of China, and also study the doctrine of Confucius, to go to the very heart of the empire. So I made a plan to visit the capital. The captain gave me a good introductory letter to his friend at Peking, who was an eminent scholar and a master of an old-style Confucian school.

Did this poor refugee, myself, ever become satisfied with the old customs, and converted to the doctrine of that great Chinese saint, and so give up the hope of reaching Christendom? or did the young Oriental still follow the bright star, and seek diligently after the new-born Child? Let us go on with other chapters.

CHAPTER X

IN THE CHINESE EMPIRE

A BRIGHT spring day was almost changing the appearance of nature into that of a sooty monster, the sun showing yet on the far-off western mountain peak just two or three inches. The evening wind, passing through the old pine forest, together with the bird's song which echoed among the deep glens, made wild music. The far-distant hills looked so dark against the sky that they could hardly be distinguished from the mass of clouds. A silvery cascade hung on the slope of a hill like white silk on a weaver's frame ; and a long stream flowed about the crooked bases of the hills like a gigantic dragon seeking her home.

In the midst of this grand scene, there came a young traveller whose feet betrayed the long, weary journey. The traveller was I, the poor Japanese refugee, on the way from Tien-Tsin to the city of Peking.

Soon the darkness of night came on ; still I kept on until I came to the bank of a large river. There was no bridge across the river ; so I went here and there to see if any house or dwelling could be found along the banks.

The silent night grew deeper, and even the trees and grasses seemed to enjoy their warm night dreams.

"Bow-wow! wow! wow!" A strange barking was suddenly heard at a distance. I was greatly startled, for I thought it was a wolf. I quickly climbed up a tall tree so that the animal could not catch me. But, fortunately, when I reached the top of the tree, I saw a little firelight in the wood, and I also found that the barking was nothing but dogs around a house. I came down from the tree, and turned my feet in the direction of the firelight. When I reached the place, I found a large, flat hut, and a few rude-looking Chinamen gathered about the fireplace, gambling, talking and laughing. I thought they were thieves. "Really, if they are, their want would be only money, and when they find out that I have none, they will not murder me for nothing," I said to myself. I took off my boots and hid all my money in the stockings. Then I went to the house and knocked at the door.

When the door was opened, I found three or four men lying along the fireplace, and playing cards. I told them that I was a stranger going to the capital, and had lost the way. I also asked them if I could spend the night with them.

"Yes, you may, if you do not object to such a poor house," was the reply.

I could not sleep in such a strange cabin; and while I was watching their play, the cock crew

and the daybreak came. The rest of the men wakened from one corner of their apartment and looked at me with surprise. They were living as ferry-boat men along these great rivers.

When I asked them to take me to the other side of the river, one of them, gazing upon me, whispered to the other, "A goot bird!" "Yes, in de river oi fix 'm all same!" said another in broken English, for they thought that I would not understand that language.

I quickly caught the point and its meaning, though I did not say anything to them.

Soon I was carried by two men in a small ferry-boat. When we came to the middle of the river, I suddenly took off my garments, and told them that I had no money in my pocket, so they might take my coat and some other things instead of the fare.

The ferrymen looked at each other wonderingly.

"You young devil, why did you not tell it before?" they exclaimed.

But it was too late, as we were very near the other side of the river. They came close to me, and searched all my pockets, even my under-clothing; but they did not pay any attention to the inside of my boots where my treasure was all hidden. Then they asked that on landing I would sell my garments to the grogshop keeper and give them a good drink for their trouble.

When we got ashore, I was taken to a small

brewery, which was the only house in the great wilderness of the Chinese interior. I stripped off my overcoat and sold it to the host for a little over one dollar, all of which the ferrymen spent for native wine, and then departed in the same boat for their resort.

"Riches are kept by the owners thereof to their hurt." It is all by his money that a man falls into misfortune, or into temptation. My life was safe, because I did not show my money to the ruffians.

I took out the hidden treasure from the inside of my boots, and paid for my coat which I had sold to the host. I was told by the shopkeeper that the ferrymen were thieves, and often robbed a single passenger on the river and then threw him overboard. The old man said that I was the first one who had blinded the thieves and escaped from the danger. He gave me a warm supper, and on the next morning he bade his son accompany me until I came into the main road which led straight to the capital. I departed thence safely, and the next day reached the great Mongol city.

Peking has often changed its name in the course of its long history, having been called in turn, Yeou-tcheou, Ki, and Tchong-tou. When, in the fourteenth century, the empire had two capitals, one of them was called Nanking, and the other Peking; and although these names had no longer any meaning after the abandonment of Nanking in 1809, the Jesuit had transmitted this name to

Europe, and foreigners still speak of the city as Peking, or the northern city; but to the Chinese themselves the name of the present capital is King-tcheng.

King-tcheng, or Peking, consists of two cities side by side, Nei-ching, and Wai-tching, or Tartar and Chinese town. The Chinese town, which nestles against the southern rampart of Nei-ching, is not so large and picturesque as the Tartar city. The streets are narrow, tortuous and dirty; the beggars are numerous and more insolent than anywhere else. One of the curious and astonishing things is the ox-cart sent from Ou-ying-tan. Early every morning, the cart passes slowly along the streets to pick up the poor dead children, mostly female offspring, which are "sent to the dark" by their heathen mothers, and exposed at night in the public thoroughfares. These bodies are all taken to the Ou-ying-tan, and at the end of every week are buried in a common grave. There were hundreds of odd customs, such as child stealing and selling, slavery of women, opium smoking, cruel punishment for the offenders, etc., which at once attracted my attention. Of course, we cannot judge the nation simply by its outward doing, but it may reveal no small measure of its character, as the manners and customs are the outgrowth of its religion, and the visible sign of the people's heart.

In the Tartar city, things are a little better, though the customs are much the same every-

where. The most important part of this city is the imperial residence, which has lost nothing of its antique splendor and majesty. It is not a palace, in the European acceptation of the term, but a collection of a hundred buildings, such as the homes for the emperor, empress, secondary wives, princes and princesses of the imperial family; also homes for the state functionaries, the guards, the eunuchs and servants, etc. The chief entrance is on the south, by way of what is known as the "Gate of the Great Purity," guarded by two granite lions. On the left hand side of the gate, there are many foreign residences. Diplomats, missionaries and the few European officers in the service of the Central Custom-house of China are the only outsiders allowed to reside in the country. They are all grouped together in the same quarter with the legations of different countries.

In the Tartar city, outside the imperial palace, there are many old buildings and valuable historical relics. Among them is the great temple of Confucius, which was built by the emperor Tching Wang, in the year 1300. The building is situated in the northern extremity of the city.

The residence of my friend, the Chinese school-master to whom I was cordially introduced, was located opposite the Temple of Confucius. The gentleman was over sixty years of age. He had no family, nor any relatives but his beloved disciples. After reading my introductory letter, the



MY FRIEND, THE SCHOOLMASTER.

old scholar said he was very happy to receive me, and that it was his greatest pleasure to live with a foreign pupil. He told me that if I did not mind his "humble dwelling," I might stay with my fellow-pupils as long as I pleased. I thanked him and I soon enjoyed the old Chinese discipline, as they express it, "to eat and sleep under the same roof with the teacher."

The old schoolmaster asked me to change my customs for those of the Chinese and to wear my hair long, which I did. I was much befriended by him and all his pupils. Soon I began to study the Book of Confucius, Doctrines of Mencius and the ancient literature and philosophy in the original; and I became a real Chinaman.

I had many friends among the Confucian scholars, Buddhist priests, Mohammedan teachers and Christian missionaries. Thus the city of Peking was a good school of comparative religion for a young investigator like myself.

The Mohammedan teacher said: "The Koran was given to us through the angel Gabriel and accepted by us as the word of God. God rules everywhere by his omnipotent energy, and he is infinitely exalted above the creature. There is no mediator to reveal God to man. Fasting, charity and pilgrimage are the only means of salvation, and 'sword and Paradise' is our hope."

In Mohammedanism there are no original religious ideas; all are mostly derived or borrowed

from the Bible. Hence it is well to follow the original Scripture instead of the interpretation of the Arabian conqueror.

The next teacher to whom I listened was a Buddhist high priest. He said: "Seek diligently after wisdom. Buddha is the only embodiment of wisdom and the supreme ruler of the world and heaven. We claim that there is no being with greater supernatural power than man can attain to by virtue and knowledge. There is no revelation, but all things can be discovered by man, by any human being who can so far conquer his natural self—his affections, desires, fears and wants—as to attain to perfect calm, being capable of intuitions which are absolute truth."

Buddhism was introduced to our country many centuries ago; and we all know its superstitions and vices. It, then, was not worthy of being carried to my home as a religion of the civilized nations of this day. Moreover, if the Buddhist priest knew the prophecy of Buddha: "After three thousand years there will be born a wise teacher, Meloku; and after that, my doctrine should have an end," then this must be the time for him to change his old view and follow after the new Meloku or *the Saviour of the world*.

Now, what is Confucianism? It can hardly be called an organized religious system. The classics of Confucius were one supreme source of moral culture, before which men bowed as before a deity. "A man doing well in this present world, need

not care for the other world," was commonly taught by the best Chinese philosopher.

The more I studied Confucianism, the more I found the difficulties of adopting it as my progressive country's standard religion. For its doctrines relate principally to the ethics of political and social life, and not to the religious life which teaches the existence of a true God.

One Sunday I went to attend an American missionary's preaching service. The preacher spoke in the native tongue: "Religion is a bond between God and man. It cannot be restricted by geographical limits. Religion has its germ in man's sense of God; that God is, and that he is supreme. It comes, however, under two headings, namely, true, and false religion; that is, the worship of the true Father of the universe, or the service of idols, or supposed gods. And which religion is true, and which is false, we can judge by its fruit, as 'a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.' We have studied and know perfectly well the history of each religion. We see the Hindoo bowing before his idol, the Turk praying toward Mecca, the Chinese kneeling before his ancestors, but we see that not one of them has reached the truth, for they have not found the divine Redeemer revealed in Christianity. Jesus of Nazareth is the only divinely appointed Redeemer and Saviour of the world. The work of Christ meets the demands of the law. In view

of it, the believing man is justified. Its special object, therefore, is salvation. This is implied in his name, Jesus—the Saviour. ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’”

After I had heard this preaching, my heart was greatly moved. I could no longer stay in that old country as a pupil of the old Confucian school. So I told my schoolmaster, and asked permission to leave the school, for I wanted to visit America.

The old schoolmaster who had very liberal ideas, and was a broadminded freethinker, seemed rather glad of my brave determination. He told me that I must write him as soon as I got to America, and explain to him all about the condition of Christendom, thus expressing his impartial opinion to me: “Though I have become old, yet I am ready to listen, if the teaching is genuinely true and holy.”

By such encouraging words my heart longed the more earnestly for the truth. I bade farewell to my master and to all my friends, packed up my books and other things, and departed from the old capital of the Chinese empire, and toward the serious question, I set my mind again ;—namely, how can I get to America?

CHAPTER XI

VOYAGE TO AMERICA

COURAGE and perseverance carry all before them. I had overcome many difficulties, and had now arrived at the city of Tien-Tsin. After I had rested two or three days, my friend told me of an American merchant ship that was anchored in the port. He told the captain all about me, and asked him to take me to the United States at the cheapest rate possible.

The captain was a kind-hearted man. He told my friend that he would take me to America at the cost of my rations. I paid the money and remained in the ship, and two days afterward she sailed away from the port. I was told by the captain that the ship was going to Japan first, and from there would start for America.

Our voyage was very peaceful until we came near the coast of Kiushu in Japan. One evening we met a terrible storm. The water rose high, and the ship rolled like a ball. When she went up to the top of the giant wave it looked like ascending to the summit of the high mountains, and when she went down into the trough of the sea, I felt as though she were falling into the deep caverns.

A grievous thought came to my mind, and I resolved that if I could not go to America this time I would either die or go directly home to my earthly father, and be like one of his servants, as I was not worthy to be called his son, and would never run myself into such miseries as these any more.

All this while the storm increased more and more, and I heard very suddenly the fire-bell and the shouting of men, "Fire! fire!" Soon all the sailors came out, and while every effort was being made to extinguish the fire which had broken out in the lamp-room, the captain ordered the men to prepare the life-boats. He now turned the ship's bow toward the nearest land.

After a few hours the ship came along the coast of Tani Island. The fire was soon past all control and so we jumped overboard. Most of us who knew how to swim, got the life-boat which had been lowered; but two men who were not skilled in swimming were drowned.

While we were on the way to the shore, we met two life-boats each rowed by four natives. They did us great service, and when we got to the shore, a crowd of people were watching for us, and we were very hospitably treated by the natives.

We stayed on that island about two days; then we were sent by an official junk to Kagoshima, and from there a steamer conveyed us to Kobé, one of the five open ports in Japan. In that city, our men were all discharged.

After a few days, the chief officer, who was a native of Massachusetts, and I, went to a Nova Scotia ship which was in port and ready to sail for New York within a day or two. He had told the captain about our wreck, and asked him to take us to America on his vessel. The captain, a good-hearted old man, at once employed my friend as his shipmate, and he promised him that he would take me to America free of charge.

When I heard this news, my heart was filled with joy. I thanked the captain and returned to the shore to prepare for my departure. At the city of Kobé, I visited several noted places and old historical spots for my last sight of the loved native land, and on the way home, I bought many English books, among them an English and Japanese dictionary and a Bible.

That night, thinking many things about the future, I could not sleep at all until morning.

To go had been my one desire, but a poor stranger with an unknown tongue, how could I live, and support myself in that vast mysterious world? Such questions came to my mind. But casting myself on the providence of my heavenly Father, I left my friend's house and started on my search for truth.

When I came to the end of the wharf, for the first time I expressed my unspeakable feeling of sorrow and loneliness. "This toil and misery are not for my own sake," I said, "but all for the good of my countrymen, yet none give me any

sympathy whatever. Not only so, but while most young men who are going abroad for study or business, are surrounded by a great many friends and kinsmen who bid them good-by, no one congratulates me."

The bell is ringing,
It bids me hurry away ;
But love is abiding.
No one, but thou, O God :
Thou only knowest my heart
Of sweet and tender love.

I left the shore in a small boat, and was cordially received on board the schooner by the captain. The next morning the ship spread her sails and moved out for the great ocean. This was on the 15th day of June, in the year 1888, according to the European calendar. The ship's name was "Thomas Perry." By that name I recalled my country's royal friend, Commodore Perry and his merit.

This is all for thee,
Fairest Queen of the East !
Perry, thy honored friend
Carries thy son away,
To give thee peace ;
Farewell ! God will bless thee.

As I kept no diary during my voyage, I must necessarily trust entirely to my memory, giving here such facts as were indelibly impressed on my mind while on board the schooner on which I spent over half of a year.

June 15th. The day was clear and warm. As the green mountains of my native country faded from my vision and disappeared, very sad thoughts filled my heart. I took an empty bottle, put some letters into it and tied its mouth with a cork, then threw it into the water, expecting that it would reach my beloved people.

June 16th. The weather was quite stormy. The captain was very anxious about my seasickness. He gave me some medicine, and told me that if I would take some deck work, I would have no more seasickness. So I did, and I enjoyed it very much. I was also interested to listen to the wonderful stories told by the sailors who represented almost all nationalities.

June 17th. The wind blew hard and the sea was still wild. I got cold, and my sickness was so bad that I could not come to the dinner-table. I had a terrible homesickness, too.

June 18th. I felt much better. I began to study English as my daily task until I should get to the shore. I had a very fine time with my study, for there was nothing to interrupt me whatever.

June 19th. The day was very hot. The ship's fresh provisions were all out, such things as meat, vegetables and eggs. I asked the captain in what month we would get to New York. He said that we would reach there perhaps at the end of the year. The answer surprised me a great deal, for there was nothing to eat save some salt beef and

potatoes. The ship-cook encouraged me saying that we might catch plenty of fish by and by.

June 20th. From this day to the first of July, there was nothing worthy of mention excepting the sight of the blue waters and sky.

July 1st. We entered the China Sea. The weather was cloudy. A strong gale of wind blew the whole day, and the sea was very rough. The waves often rose higher than our main mast. The ship was in a dangerous condition.

July 2d. The wind was still blowing hard. The captain thought that it was best to cut the masts, in order to save the ship, or at least the lives of the men. The sailors came on deck each with an axe, waiting simply the captain's last order to cut down the wings of the ship. But God did not forsake us. The wind gradually abated, and thus we all escaped from the danger of being lost.

Here, my exact records of the diary are exhausted. I think it was in the last part of August that we came to the great Indian Ocean.

Early one morning, while we were yet asleep, "All hands!" was suddenly called out by the watch officer. Soon the men took in all sail from the yards, and while they were doing so, a monstrous waterspout which had a rapid, whirling motion rose up just a few yards beyond our vessel. Had it struck us, our ship would surely have been broken in pieces. But we escaped from it as if by a miracle.

When I first came on board, the captain kindly advised me to do some deck work because I had seasickness. But now the sailors rudely urged me to do part of their menial work as my everyday duty. One of them especially insulted me every time I met him. I endured it for over a month. My patience, however, was gone at last, and my youthful heart was burning like fire. I forgot all my plans for the future. I took the pistol which belonged to the captain and had been kept in his cabin. I determined to shoot the man, and then throw myself into the sea.

Madness comes like lightning in the night. When a man's heart is in the dark, he cannot see even himself. But it is just for a moment, and after all, he will return to himself and exercise judgment of right and wrong.

When I seized the captain's pistol and went near to the man to kill him and then commit suicide, my conscience awakened instantly. "Nay! nay!" I said, "to demolish a temple is easier than to build it. This flesh and blood does not belong to me but to God. I cannot steal it nor kill it. I must make myself useful to him and to my fellow countrymen!" My mind turned again to the right course, and thus calmed my passions, and I meekly submitted to the indignity.


I remember that, during the month of September, a fresh-water tank was empty, so the ship-carpenter opened the other one. That, too,

he found was empty. The water had leaked out from a hole underneath the old iron tank. It gave us a surprise and much grief. After we discovered it, every rainy day kept us quite busy, some carrying the rain-water to fill the empty tanks, and others taking the opportunity for washing and bathing.

We now came near the coast of the Cape of Good Hope. The tide was very strong around here. The ship did not move ahead, but kept in almost the same position for over three weeks. It was not our ship alone, for we saw three or four sailing vessels in a similar condition along these waters.

One evening when I stood on the bow, watching the African coast and its beautiful sunset, I saw a shoal of man-eating sharks, perhaps eight or nine feet long, swimming round our vessel. When I saw them, my pragmatic nature moved me to fish for them just for fun.

I got a sharp harpoon and a long cord from the carpenter's room. I went to the extreme end of the bow and sat upon a wire rope which is called a martingale. I tied the cord to the end of my harpoon and the other end of it to the ship's figurehead. When things were all ready, I cast my harpoon at a shark. Just at that moment both of my feet slipped down from the wire rope and I tumbled overboard. In my fall, I did not relax my hold of the cord, and, as soon as I realized my position, I knew that my life depended on my





"SO INCH BY INCH I CLIMBED UP INTO THE SHIP."



ability to hold to the cord, so inch by inch I climbed up into the ship.

When I was safely on deck and on the way to my cabin, my friend, the second mate, asked me: "What is the matter with you, Charley? Your face is pale and white."

I wished to tell him the story, but no voice came from my mouth.

When I got into my cabin, I lay down on the floor, offered an earnest prayer to my unseen Father, and thanked him for my wonderful deliverance. In my prayer I made a solemn vow that I would give myself hereafter to God and devote my whole life for the salvation of mankind, and more especially for the poor and needy.

We came now to the coast of the West Indies. We saw many seaweeds floating on the water, and I was told by an officer that Columbus was assured of the land when he came as far as to these waters and found the seaweed floating on the surface.

As we came farther north, the climate suddenly changed. The day became very cold. So I tried to make a fire in the stove which was placed in our cabin.

The captain was sitting in an easy chair with a chart in his hand, watching me carefully, and after I had made a nice fire, he said: "You can make a fire at very short notice. I suppose you have a good brain. Do tell me now, Charley, what will you do when you get to New York? Would n't you like to go with me to Nova Scotia?"

I told him that I was going to the United States for study.

He assured me that if I stayed in that country, without money or friends, I would starve to death.

"I think you might better come with me to my home; then you will be safe, and my wife will teach you the books which you wish to study," said the good old commander.

I thanked him and said that it had long been my desire to come to America, so I would rather go ashore and die. "I believe that I shall not become a helpless wanderer and starve to death while the noble spires of the house of God, that I have so often read about, stand in the land."

While I was saying this, a voice by the watch office suddenly came from the upper deck, "A pilot-boat coming, sir!" So the captain left the cabin.

Now, though my faith and patience had been painfully tried on the long voyage, yet gladness came again, on the joyful Christmas Day, in the year 1888, when the good ship, "Thomas Perry," carried us safely to our destined port and dropped anchor at the foot of the great statue of "Liberty" in New York. I was newly born to the American home like a Christmas gift from the Orient!

CHAPTER XII

DARKEST AMERICA

THE old Robinson Crusoe was cast upon an uninhabited island of the sea, but nature had abundantly provided him with food; the climate was always warm, so that a man would not suffer though he had no house or clothing.

But I, the poor stranger, was now landed in a thickly inhabited and most civilized and thriving city. My heart was not at ease, for my situation was more dangerous than in a bare island where one could freely get fruits and game. I had far more difficulties than Robinson had, for though there were all sorts of things in the market, and homes and restaurants were plentiful, yet nobody would welcome me unless I had my pockets full of the almighty dollar, which seemed the only deity which many of these people worshiped. Without it I was not allowed to take either fruit or flower, both of which were offered to Robinson Crusoe by nature.

Still, like the other Robinson Crusoe, "I walked about on the shore, lifting up my hands; and my whole being, as I may say, wrapped up in contemplation of my deliverance, making a thousand gestures and motions, which I cannot describe."

New York is a stupendous city, the largest in the United States ; a city of commercial magnificence. The streets are everywhere lively ; the people are busy, and life is tuned to the key of hurry, bustle and excitement. The whole city is served with electric and cable-cars.

The down-town of New York is that part of the city usually given up to business, and, in general, may be said to consist of the district south of Union Square. It is the busiest part of the busiest town in the world. Some of the buildings are so high that they look like attempts of Jack, of beanstalk fame, to build a step-ladder to heaven. When I came to a broad street with my American friend, the shipmate, he pointed out to me a large queer-looking chair which was ornamented with shining brass and silver nails, and was placed on the side of the open street, and told me to sit on it.

"You ought to sit down on that big, funny-looking chair, and not I," I told him, as a joke.

"Oh, no, my shoes are too clean just now, Charley, you had better do it ; I will pay for you," says my friend.

"I beg your pardon. I came to this country not for a show. You think, because I am a stranger, that while I am sitting in that chair you will exhibit me to the people, and then perhaps you will collect some pennies from the spectators," I said, and refused to do it.

My friend laughed at me and then he seated

himself in the big chair. Two boys came, blacking-brush in hand, and a cigarette in each little mouth, and began to shine my old mate's shoes. I understood it then; so I sat in the other chair, when two other boys came, with similar implements, and worked upon my boots also.

"The little children are smoking in Christendom, and spending their most valuable school years in nothing but shining boots. Is it a part of their practical Christian education to imitate the Master in washing one another's feet?" I thought to myself.

As we left there, my friend said: "You'd better be careful, for pickpockets are plentiful all round on these streets, you know."

As soon as I was told so I thrust my hand into my pocket to see if my money was safe; alas! a little purse that contained three gold coins was gone somewhere, and I could not find it.

"Did I not tell you so, Charley?" says my friend.

"Yes, but your advice has done me no good, as you gave it after the purse was stolen. A wonderful Christendom!" I said, as my excited mind and eyes first caught a faint view of the facts of the case.

While we were walking on Broadway I met with a very odd-looking white man. He wore a long yellow overcoat and had on an old silk hat; his face was painted with white and red color. He carried two boards, which were covered with

white linen and had some inscription on each. He hung one board on his chest and the other at his back, and he walked very slowly on the street. I thought, perhaps, the man was a criminal who was condemned to death, and now the poor victim was driven away on the public thoroughfares, as I had often heard that such things were practised upon the Christians in my old country, some two or three hundred years ago.

My friend explained to me, however, that he was a "sandwich-man," an advertiser.

"The man who uses the image of God for such a foolish purpose, and also disturbs the public order, is far worse than he who keeps a negro slave around his house," I whispered within, in surprise.

Everything in America was strange and new to me, and my eyes were quite busy looking everywhere. At one corner of the entrance of a house, I saw a very queer-looking figure of a red-colored man, with a feather helmet on, and a battle-ax in his hand.

"Oh, a heathen god of war! Do these Christian people worship such an idol, too?" I inquired, and I was told that it was a sign of a cigar store.

"Charley, would n't you like to stand up there with a silk hat on?" he said, and laughed at me, though I did not understand exactly what that meant.

Now the sun was down, and the evening wind

was very cold. My friend took me into one of the liquor saloons which were so abundant in that city.

The bar was in the cellar. In there I saw more than twenty men and women drinking, dancing, laughing, talking, and quarreling. The appearance was that of an insane asylum. When I saw the condition of these men and women I grieved for their future. What a miserable old age they will spend! For, though they look so young and gay now, yet they will go on, one year after another, until their hair becomes gray, and, at last, unable to work, even for their own living, they must starve to death. Knives and pistols are not the only weapons that can kill a person; but the fire-water destroys our fellow men by the thousands. "O God, curse and sweep away all these savage, no, civilized cannibals, these liquors, from the face of the earth!" I cried, and my heart was excited with wonder, perhaps in the same manner as when the true Crusoe found the skulls, hands, feet and other bones of human bodies in the place where the savages did their inhuman feastings.

Now the moon was shining beautifully, together with the gas and electric lights, and the street was almost as light as day. Along the Bowery we met with several strangely-dressed women. When I saw them I thought an old barbarism was still practised by these American females, for they had holes in their ears and in them they

hung bangles and rings; their necks and shoulders were covered with furs; their heads tricked out with feathers and dead birds. Some of them looked upon us and saluted us with a sweet little voice. The language I, a stranger, could not understand. I thought, however, that it was a very sympathetic and polite manner of the women of Christendom to give such a *welcome* word to a stranger on the street! Alas! I did not understand their meaning, nor how they led souls down to death.

We soon arrived at a down-town hotel to have our dinner. I notice the people never eat their meat cooked in small pieces as we do at our home. It is carried into the room in large chunks, often half raw, and then they cut and slash and tear it apart. They eat with knives and prongs, and they use an immense quantity of strong liquor. After the dinner, when we went into the parlor, I saw more than a dozen respectable-looking gentlemen. They were smoking cigars enough to fill the whole parlor with the acrid vapor. One of them was sitting on an easy chair, and he put his feet up on a side-table, and looked at the illustrations of a magazine which was printed on red paper. I thought if I wished to be like an American gentleman, I must smoke a cigar anyway, so I went to a tobacco store and bought a few cigars. On the way to my place I met with a big, fat man who wore a blue uniform with a silver badge on his chest.

"Aee, Jimmie, give me one and a match; if ye say No, oi'll club yez;" and he begged my cigar.

Was he an officer or a rascal? I did not know. I afterwards found he was one of the New York policemen.

When I came home again I sat near the window in the hotel parlor, and while I was putting my feet up on the table and smoking a cigar, my friend came in and looked at me with wonder:

"Charley, what does that mean?"

"Do I not look like an American gentleman?" I said, with an air of superior wisdom.

"Of course not, you young goose," he said scornfully.

About ten o'clock we retired. My bedroom was near an old gentleman's apartment. Shortly before he retired, he said to himself: "Foolish city people! while we sleep, what need of light?"

In a minute or two I smelled gas. Soon I heard somebody knock at the man's door. I, too, got up and went there, and we found the gentleman had blown out the gaslight; the gas was leaking out, and the old man was lying in bed, unconscious of danger. I wondered at him and said: "Even an uneducated heathen knows how to treat the gaslight. What a shame for an American, who calls himself a civilized man, not to understand it."

One day when I went to Brooklyn, crossing the East River by the ferry-boat, I saw quarrel-

ing between a woman and a ferryman. The cause was that the woman had put her boy into a big basket and covered it with some clothes and then carried it on her head and paid only one fare. After she came into the boat, she let the boy out of the basket.

My feeling at that time was as follows: "I heard America was the richest country in the world, but here a poor woman carries her young boy on her head to save only three cents fare!"

After a few weeks I went into a barber shop to have my hair trimmed: "Aee, John, git out from here. Oi do n't cut a Chinaman's hair!" I was scorned by the old barber. I told him that I was not such a man, but a Japanese. "Ou, ye Javanese, a country of lots coffee! All right; sit dan, my goot fellar." The barber charged me twenty-five cents; so I gave him a dollar, and he paid me the balance of money, which was seventy-five cents.

After I came out, I went into a bookstore to buy a map of New York City. I paid for it a half silver dollar which the barber had just given to me; but the clerk said that fifty-cent piece was a counterfeit, so I brought it back to the barber shop and told him so. "No! oh, no, sar! Oi do n't give you any such bad money. Oi are doin' 'onest bizinez like de Bible," was the barber's false assertion; and the half-dollar piece became forever useless. This was American civilization!

I thought America was the land of Christian

civilization and general education, but I soon lost my confidence in her, for the language was imperfect, the man was knavish and with a strong race prejudice, much stronger than in China, a pagan kingdom, so called by the Christian missionaries.

The people in America have no sense of dignity, and they serve woman as their deity. Yet the women are to be pitied, too. On festive occasions they are compelled to appear almost naked before every man who likes to look at them, and then they are dragged around a room to the accompaniment of noisy music.

One evening when I went to the theater, accompanied by my friend, I found more horror and luxury of this people. When I was in my old country I saw some pretty pictures on a cigarette box of a half-naked white woman with a fan, lifting her foot and hand. I, who knew only the modest, graceful Oriental women, could hardly believe such a female figure was ever copied from life. But in that house I saw the reality; and also it was a very strange sight to see the men and women who look at such things dressed in their best, and gazing with mouths wide open. What impression would these men and women get from such fascinating play of frail beauties clad in tights and profligate actors? Yet these people of Christendom had a peculiar proclivity to it, as, in the city of New York alone, there were over fourteen hundred such houses,

besides many hundred music-halls, all in full operation.

Next to that was the savage wrestling, two stout-necked men fighting each other in a ring until one was bruised to helplessness, the spectators, both men and women, staking money upon it, as in horse-races or cock-fights. It was indeed more inhuman than the Spanish bull-fights; and it was, of course, one of the unchristian features of Christendom!

I had spent over a month in the city, and now I was longing after my native food, rice and fish. Some of my companions told me that if I went to Chinatown I could eat all such food as much as I wanted. It is situated in the neighborhood of Five Points. The best day to see the place is Sunday, when the laundry business is closed and the almond-eyed fellow takes things easy after the manner of his American customer, and comes to that place to disport himself in gambling, drinking, and smoking his favorite pipe. When I went inside the restaurant I found everything was in Chinese fashion. The little images of pagan gods were on the shelf with flowers and burning incense. I noticed also quite a number of young American females, together with the pig-tailed men, sitting round a table, eating the Chinese macaroni and enjoying the heathen cups. What and who were these eccentric damsels? Alas! the women of the *demi-monde*, the same with those of the opium dens. If the visitor has any



CHINATOWN IN NEW YORK.

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curiosity to penetrate into the interior of the cellar, he will see three or more rooms divided into cabins by thin partitions, and in each cabin three or more wooden couches arranged. The smoker lies down on one of these couches. He inhales a few breaths of the smoke of the burning opium, and then is wrapped in a dream-laden atmosphere of lethargy. This evil was not practised simply by the Chinamen, but there were several such houses exclusively for the use of white people. They were established in the neighborhood of Five Points, and farther up town. These places were known as "joints" by the white opium smokers.

Though this is a democracy, yet the people are crazy after titles. At the small hotel down town, one young man was invariably addressed as "General," and another who lives on his father's money, as I was told, was called "King." Though these were only nicknames, yet the tendency thus shown is seen to prevail in higher circles. Even the educated newspaper editors are addicted to this titleism. In the daily papers such items will be seen as: "The Hon. E." and "ex-Secretary of State F.," said this; "His Excellency the Governor of B." and "General H." did that; "Madame S." and "Lady W." organized so and so; "Doctor P." and "Professor G." have returned from Europe; "Colonel L." and "Captain M." killed so many Indians in such battle, etc. College presidents are given the degree of

Doctor of Laws, and Doctor of Divinity is conferred upon clergymen. "In no country in Europe," says a French writer, "do you hear so many titles, or see so many insignia worn."

When I was in my old country, I used to call America "The Home of Christians," and the image of it, as pictured upon my mind, was that of a real Paradise. I suffered and toiled, on land and sea, for many years simply to come to that high ideal home to be educated. Here I was. After my brief inspection of all such customs as I have mentioned above, I made the following note in my memorandum: "Is this the civilization of which we were taught in our home? I was deceived indeed! Apparently a prosperous country, but really going to decay. She has conquered the British and the Southern slaveholder, but now luxury and intemperance are restricting her liberty. With what shamefacedness should the missionaries teach our people about the superiority of Christian civilization over pagan countries, and call us miserable sinners and poor heathen!" My trust in a highly regarded Christendom was for the time almost driven away from my mind.

I had had many experiences, however, in strange countries long before I had reached the American shore, and I knew pretty well about human nature and society. As I spent day after day in the city, I came to understand gradually that I was looking among too low a class of people in

the American republic. "If such customs were universal, how could this be the home of Washington, Franklin, Webster, Lincoln, Patrick Henry, John Brown, and Ulysses Grant?" I said to myself.

"The eye, which sees all things, cannot see itself." If I looked at such low-class people in my old country, what horrible things should I find? With a beam in my own eye, I was trying to pull out the mote out of another man's eye! That is not altogether wise. Truly, I was observing an inferior part of society which had been recently brought over from the old European countries.

In the early history of America a multitude of black-skinned Hamites had been imported to America, while a multitude of white-skinned poor descendants of Japheth had come of their own accord. The difference in them was this, that the former were sent to work for a master, while the latter came in freedom to work for mammon; and to some extent both were slaves just the same.

The walls of the vast republic were surrounded largely by these people. "Look not upon one's outward appearance," was a very applicable word for the Yankee society. And at last I will advocate her right with one word:—Judge not the honeycomb by its look, for the honey cannot be found on the outside.

CHAPTER XIII

LIGHT OF AMERICA

AMERICANS are not an isolated, independent race like the Chinese, but embrace peoples of all nationalities that have been naturalized or were born in the United States. Once I heard a speech from a curly-haired black man at the anniversary of Washington's birthday. "Gentlemen! we are de born 'Merican citizen, de chi'dren ov George Washin'ton!" The name, *American citizen*, was a matter of pride even to that black man. I knew a young Jew in New York, whose father had lived in that city about fifteen or sixteen years, who was forbidden to eat pork or anything that was cooked with lard, and who had no knowledge of English. Still, he did a large business in the city, and called himself an American citizen. Once I was told that "the newspaper of the largest circulation, and of the most unsavory reputation, in New York City, is owned by a Jew; and not long ago Boston itself had an Irish Catholic as its mayor." Even in a small Puritan city like New Haven there were Jewish, French, German, and English churches, with preaching in the mother-tongue of each nationality. It is

not, therefore, very easy for a stranger to judge the great American republic from its exterior.

But the danger to which superficial travelers in the United States are exposed is that they "see her by candlelight," and never look into the inner heart of the nation. Their note-books are filled with references to the corruptions of American society and the degradation of the Christian religion.

Years ago America was visited by Charles Dickens, who subsequently wrote an indiscreet book about the country, with glaringly ridiculous statements. Taine, the French author, also has written a book about America after a short stay there, and the result was almost equally unfortunate. So with our Japanese observers. Some years ago, for example, a company of our young students whose acquaintance with the Caucasian race in Japan had been mostly with missionaries, came to America for study. Until the very landing at "Frisco," these men thought that the people in America were all saintly men, whose hearts were filled with noble Christian purposes; who sang hymns from morning till evening; and that the whole nation praised the Lord with harps and horns, with hosannas, hallelujahs, and amens. But soon they saw degraded and vicious society, as I have portrayed it in the other chapter. The young men were shockingly disappointed and began to feel that there must be much truth in the statement of the antichris-

tians in their home: "Christianity has already begun to lose its power in the West." They all reported to their influential newspapers and magazines about what they heard and saw in America. Gradually, the native theologians and the preachers of the gospel began to think that they were too restricted by the old theology which was far behind the time. The cry "Japan for Japanese," became strong; they tried to establish a pure Japanized Christian church in their own kingdom. Next to that was a partial reformation of our girls' education. The old literature, poetry, and the suitable housekeeping training were abolished; and instead of it, philosophy, German and French languages and sciences took the old place. Ungraceful, impudent, and affected "American" girlhood was introduced. Free marriages and woman's rights were proclaimed from her sweet little mouth, out of which it seemed impossible that such language should come. She was walking arrogantly like a man, with a foreign bonnet with the back side in front. She was proud of her education, and she loved to attend political and scientific lectures which had little or no connection with her line of work; and with all that she neglected her own business, which is to win the heart by her natural sweetness and attraction.

This state of things was brought about mostly by the misleading of one-sided advocates. But he who knows thoroughly the true American

society would never forget its charming, modest, generous, patriotic, and friendly people ; and really one cannot avoid a homesickness for that land of stars, though he comes back to his own native country.

But to return to my story. My friend, the old shipmate, went to sea again ; but some time before he departed he placed me in one of the best academies in the city, and I was taught there daily.

Although there were so many fine places to visit in the city, yet loneliness in the heart is unavoidable to any sojourner in a strange country. "Alone !" Ah, what more sorrowful word is there in the language, than that single one, "Alone" ? Alone I was living among a different race of people, with a limited knowledge of their language. In the school, no one could teach me with the tongue which I learned from my mother's lips ; but, word after word, I must struggle with my dictionary. In the boarding-house, I could not enjoy any of my native food ; and the old mistress was scornful if I neglected to pay a week's room-rent and board in advance.

"By lying down and eating, even a mountain may be consumed," is a saying common among my countrymen. My pocket was growing empty, and I was anxious about my future. How could I feed and clothe myself when all my money was gone ? I knew that if I told my poor condition to the hostess, she would be glad to employ me

as her house servant ; but I was too proud, and would not ask anything as a favor, so the old lady did not think of me as a poor young man. No one knew of all I suffered save myself and my Father in heaven.

“Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh,” was the suggestion of Satan to Job’s Master.

My next trial was suffering with a dangerous illness. One day, when I walked home from school, I got a severe cold. The sickness was the first I ever experienced in my life. I spent all my money for medicine and for a doctor. When I was lying helplessly in bed, my school-mate came and asked me why I did not use some medicine. I told him that I had spent all my money, and now I could not ask the doctor any more. He then accompanied me to a dispensary at Centre Street, where I was examined kindly by a doctor, and medicine was given without charge. One morning, when I went there as usual, the doctor told me if I wanted to be cured quicker, I had better go to the hospital.

“But, doctor, I have no friend to pay my expenses,” I said to him.

“Never mind that ; we are good friends to Japan,” he said.

And that encouraged this helpless patient, myself. He gave me a letter addressed to a head officer in the hospital. After I went there my

schoolmate removed all my things from the boarding-house into his residence, and he visited my sick-bed as often as he could. The following note was translated from my Japanese pen, which was written in my memorandum shortly before I left the hospital :

“Bellevue Hospital is situated on the banks of East River, a beautiful eight-storied stone building. It has a large fine garden with a view of the river. The rooms are nicely decorated and heated with steam. When I came here, four weeks ago, a doctor examined me first ; then I was put into a nice room. Soon two nurses came and taking off all my garments, gave me a warm bath, then put on me new white clothes. The meals and medicine were brought by an attendant. Every morning two nurses came and wiped my face and hands, and combed my hair, etc. I, the motherless refugee, now became a happy child in a Christian family. Last Sunday a company of children came and sung for us a beautiful hymn, ‘Behold a stranger at the door!’ My eyes were filled with tears, and they ran down and wet all my pillow. A wealthy Christian lady has been visiting our room quite often, and she gave me flowers, cakes, fruits, books, and all necessary things. She also told me to come straight to her residence when I got well, and she would send me to school. I write these lines in this memorandum in honor of the doctors, the kind-hearted lady, nurses, and, last of all, the Bellevue Hospital.”

Time passes like the running water. It was on a glorious day in spring, I was made whole, and my life was again saved from the fate of death. I thanked the Lord and Saviour. My faith, which was small as a grain of mustard seed, now sprang over into a large portion of my heart, and my interest in God's work grew so strong that I forgot everything else, even the kind word of the lady who had told me to come to her home. With all that I left the hospital like a bird which is flying away from a cage.

When I met with my old friend, he told me that he had provided for me already a nice place to work and study. The next day he accompanied me to a government hospital in the city, and I was very gladly employed there. The officers and men were very kind; a nice clean room was offered me, a library and reading-room were furnished freely with new books and periodicals, and I could keep up with my studies, too.

Now, I had no trouble with my own living, and I had time enough to observe the very heart of Christendom.

When I was in my old home, I thought my country was the center of all beauties, both in scenery and custom. Her soil is fertile, climate mild, seas deep and mountains high, such as could be found nowhere else but in Japan; and the land itself was the very abode of gentlemen and gods. But when I saw the banks of the Hudson River, moonlight nights on High Bridge and

Washington Heights, the interior of New Jersey, and Long Island, I was surprised. The picturesque mountains, solitary lakes, passionate streams, pine-clad hills, velvet lawns, and green pastures were simply grand. Along the coast of Staten Island and Sandy Hook, the water and sky are as clear and blue as a maiden's eyes. Many fine mansions appear in the woods, and the white smoke curls out from each chimney like a beauty's forelock. A small house away from the crowd is more highly esteemed than a large house in the crowd. A white yacht perhaps is sailing swiftly with her shadow on the water, which is tranquil as a mirror. The full spring moon is bright, calm, splendid. On the whole, the scenery is more like a picture than a reality.

Besides these attractive natural views, there were many valuable art galleries and fine museums in the city. There were also over six hundred houses of God whose doors were thrown open on every Sabbath. The melodious notes of the organ were heard along the aisles of the church, and the bells were ringing out sweet notes of music. All the stores, even the saloons, were closed on that day. The crowded markets now became as quiet as a graveyard, and everybody seemed busy for churchgoing. These houses of God were mostly built of fine stones, broad on the ground, with massive columns and high spires. The interior of the buildings was beautifully decorated. The floors and aisles were car-

peted, the pews all cushioned, and hymn-books, Bibles, and fans provided and laid in these pews. The preaching was practical and timely, and the singing was very charming. It is a place of worship, enjoyment, and public education.

On the other hand, charity works in that city are very active and successful, and are instituted to relieve the suffering of a vast number of persons of every condition, religion, or want. There are almshouses for the needy, societies for the friendless, houses of shelter for the fallen, reformatories for the erring, homes for boys and girls, all of them watched over and superintended by men and matrons who understand their work thoroughly. Free libraries, reading-rooms, night schools are opened for everybody without distinction of race. Free dispensaries and hospitals are plenty on every hand; and the merciful hand of Christ touches all the sick people; not his direct hand, but, by his wonderful name, the people throw money voluntarily into such work to save the millions of poor sick men and women, as in the days of their Saviour along the sea of Galilee.

Important auxiliaries in the moral sphere of things in the city are the Young Men's Christian Association and the Midday Fulton Prayer Meeting. The former is on Twenty-third Street, and is a large, handsome erection, five stories high, with numerous apartments, including halls, lecture-rooms, offices, etc. Many young men

have received good by coming to these rooms ; and it is calculated that over seven hundred persons enter the rooms of the Association every day, and that upwards of one hundred thousand come to the reading room every year. The Mid-day Fulton Prayer Meeting is held in a large hall in Fulton Street. Working men, merchants, and earnest people in general come here for an hour at midday ; they return to their business and occupations carrying with them increased strength and joy.

“ Oh, what a delightful land, thou Christendom ! ” was now for the first time impressed upon my mind. Soon my pride in the old native country was gone, and an idea caught my mind that she was yet a whitewashed grave. And little by little, my heart was converted to Americanism. Yet let me widely wake up and look at these two strange people with an impartial eye.

Although the color of skin is different, yet we are the same human beings who live nowhere else but on this one small planet beneath the marvelous sky, and with a short earthly life less than a century long. Then, where is a king, or a peasant ? It seems to me a man in this world is more like an ant which is creeping on a sugar bowl. The difference in mind and thought of each race chiefly depends upon the religion which they believe. We, the Orientals, were led by Buddha and Confucius. They taught our people a strict obedience to a master, father, and a woman

to her husband. Although a man has a heart full of gratitude, or of love for another, yet he will not express it in words readily, but will wait for a chance to show it by his action. "Please guess at and discern my heart," was common to use in our conversation. A person is bound to do everything under a sense of obligation more than for the exact reward of money. On the contrary, the Americans are a people of genuine sentiment. They are ready to express their feelings of joy or sorrow in language without any form of crookedness or in indirect ways. Hugging and kissing his relatives before the eyes of a stranger was not contrary to custom. In his heart there were nothing but truthfulness, sympathy, and love. Such a beautiful custom must be the result of the religion of Jesus, whose heart was filled with truthfulness, sympathy, and love !

" Blest are the men whose feelings move,
And melt with sympathy and love :
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again."

CHAPTER XIV

IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS

MY academy was strictly Christian ; the principal was a well-known Christian worker in the city. In my studies I was interested in my Bible above all other books. My service in the government hospital was very prosperous, too. The head doctor was a man who took thorough interest in me and gave me his confidence and love. I had no trouble whatever with my living, as I was receiving a stated salary from the government, besides the nice board, a room, and everything else.

But, once in a while, when I thought of my poor Aino people, how they were living in their rude cabins in the severe cold weather of the northern province of Japan, my heart was sore with sympathy. At last I determined that I should not stay content with such an easy life any longer ; for I came to the United States, not to settle down permanently in joy and comfort, but to get a true, Christian education. Moreover, I had so many times faced death since I resolved to get to America that I realized the life which I possessed was not mine but belonged to God. Consequently "I do not live to eat, I

eat to live ;” and I live not for display nor for vain honor, neither for earthly riches. If I can do some good, and commend the word and character of Christ to the poor young men and helpless heathen young women, some time before my name is registered in an obituary, I shall be truly satisfied, and shall want nothing more.

But above all, I must first learn how to teach and save my fellow men. Over a prima donna, princes, emperors, and thousands of listeners often rejoice, but we must remember that their rejoicing is at the price of her pain. Jesus died to give us life ; so with all his apostles and saints. The noble churches and all Christian institutions are the price of the martyr’s blood. And I must prepare to shed mine in the future, too. I prayed my heavenly Father to guide me into a noble Christian institution where I could learn the right methods for my future plan.

I learned about a large industrial school in Virginia. It was exactly such an institution as I had looked for, and desired to establish for my people. I wrote a letter in my broken English and forwarded it to the principal of that school. After a few days I received his answer, a handwritten letter which was filled with the spirit of love for his fellow men, and a fatherly affection toward this new-found stranger. Part of his letter read as follows :

“I am interested in you and wish to help you as much as I can. Now I wish to see you. Please

meet me at the Everett House, Union Square, New York City, next Monday morning. I will talk with you, and you can come with me to this school."

The word, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," became real to me. My unseen Father had now committed this unrepentant sinner to the hand of his faithful servant. And, except by God's guidance, who could say such accurate and trustful words to a stranger? This real man, the servant of God, and the Christlike volunteer, was the late General Samuel Chapman Armstrong.

I found now a benefactor, and a light on the way of my path. But, ah! what shall I do with my kindhearted superintendent, the head doctor? If I say that I am going to Virginia, what disappointment will I give him? "Well! I will rather speak nothing to him, but simply ask him for my discharge from the hospital," I thought. Such was the self-restraint of the Oriental mind, and such was the Eastern custom!

When I asked the doctor about my discharge, "Oh, no! no! no! what the d——I now have you in your mind? Certainly, you must stay with us," cried the dignified old officer.

But I told him my determination, and asked him again and again.

He, at last, sadly said to me: "This is a free country. I've no right to keep you if you have made up your mind to go!" He summoned his

high officers into his office, wrote my certificate and read it before the council, then handed it to me with a parting word. The letter read as follows :

U. S. N. H., NEW YORK, Sept. 4, 1889.

I have the greatest pleasure in certifying to the invariably estimable, commendable and perfect behavior of J. O., during the time he has been in my employ at this Hospital, and I have no hesitancy in recommending him as worthy of implicit trust and as industrious and zealous in the discharge of whatever duty he may undertake.

A. L. G.

Medical Director U. S. N.,
In Charge of Hospital.

The distinguished senior officer of the United States Government crowned me with such words, although I had done him very poor service. With much feeling of gratitude for his kindness, I left the hospital. Then I went to my old academy to bid farewell to the friends. The principal gave me a worthy letter of recommendation, and told me that he would be glad to help me at any time.

The days slipped by, and then came the "Monday morning" which was the promised day to see my unknown benefactor.

When I went into the Everett House on Union Square, I found many persons in the parlor. I sat down and waited for the gentleman. Though I had never met him before, yet I knew that his title was the "General." So the appearance of that

soldier, as pictured in my mind, was of a dignified man in full dress uniform with gold medals and ornaments. I did not pay attention to any gentlemen, because there was no such person in the parlor. After about half an hour a middle-aged, slender looking gentleman in citizen's dress laid aside his morning paper, and looked at me closely, and then addressed me: "Is this not my young man whom I love and am looking for?"

His face was rather pale, his mouth was small and tight, his eyes were narrow and long; he had no moustache but had a thin beard on both of his cheeks, and his hair was almost white. I could hardly believe that such a meek man was a gallant soldier who had smashed the southern army into pieces.

Half in doubt, I answered, "Is this the General?"

Now he came close to me and shook my hand. "Yes, yes! very happy to meet you, my son. Your thought in the letter which you sent to me was very fine, too. I will look after you, and pay all your school expenses for you so far as I can. Come now with me to my home."

Was this man a soldier or a saint? Neither name was too good for him. The world bestowed on him the title of a "genuine philanthropist."

We left the city by the train, and soon arrived at his home in Virginia. By his kindness I was placed in the agricultural department for practice, and also I attended the normal school.

I chose agriculture for my trade, because it is the source of the country's wealth and because it was my purpose to teach it to my pupils who would prepare for the ministry and look for a foreign field, and also because I could take my physical exercise without losing time and money for it. By the kindness of the General I was specially permitted to take one or two months' practice in each section throughout the agricultural department: such as in the nursery and in the barn, out in the field for general farm-work, taking care of horses, feeding hundreds of pigs and chickens, milking cows, making butter, out in the pasture, and in the butchery, etc.

One morning, while I was working in the corn-field along the roadside, I met with two Japanese high officials who came to inspect the institution. One of them asked me in English: "Will this road lead us to the school?"

I thought he was a very proud and affected person, because he spoke to his countryman in English, as, generally, we never do.

Soon nine o'clock came. I changed my clothes in haste, and went to the recitation room, as usual. There I met with the Japanese visitors, shook hands with them, and began to talk in my mother-tongue. The officials were surprised at me, and they said that when they met me at the road side, they thought I was a black farmer boy. So the reader may easily judge how I looked in those days.

Once in a while the General inspected our department, and when he found me in the field he always encouraged me. "If all your countrymen do like yourself, Japan will soon become a first-class nation!" It was a golden word to me. Truly, if such a method were taken with all young men, we could sweep out the ugly words pauper, cockney, prodigal, etc., from our dictionary.

The "industrial school" was well named. The General and all his officers were industrious and zealous in their work, and it was characteristic of the school. There were over fifty young lady teachers, besides the numerous male instructors, and they were all fresh from New England colleges. I had thought that ladies are generally weak, feeble, and tender, but here all the misses were active, earnest, studious, and sensible, like men. "Woman can rule as well as men" was manifested to me without any doubt. One of the school dames went to Japan and did splendid work among our women and for the empress. She came back to her old school in triumph, and wrote an admirable book on our girls and women. She was indeed a heroine, and certainly she is a product of Christian America. Comparing this lady with our Eastern females, whom I used to call graceful, tender, and gentle, I find a vast difference, and the modest Oriental womanhood cannot bring forth any equal.

All my associations here were Christian, and even the dogs and cats in the school grounds

seemed to have some idea of religion. I could no longer keep my old heathenism; and at last my heart was modeled into Christian shape. By the help of the General and other friends, I was baptized in the name of the Trinity by our chaplain. I cast off my old garment, and now I was clothed with the new raiment of light.

Once when I was feeding the cows, the director of our department came and pointed out to me a fine Jersey cow, and told me not to give her any food or water for a whole day and night. I thought that he was doing so because he disliked that cow, or else he was fooling me, for it must be hard for any animal to live without food or water for a day and night. I pitied her and I could not sleep all that night. About ten o'clock in the night I went into the barn and gave the poor cow plenty of bran, barley, and hay. I returned to my room with much satisfaction.

The next morning when I came to the barn I found a veterinary doctor, the director, and two or three other persons surrounding a dying cow.

When I saw the director, he asked me:

"Did you not feed her yesterday after I told you not to do so?"

I did not know what answer I should give him.

Suppose I say No, I will break the divine law; but if I say Yes, what punishment will I get, though I did it in sympathy toward the animal? Still I could not keep silent, so I told him the truth.

"I thought so! I asked you not to feed her because we were expecting that she would have a calf. Now you have killed both the mother and the calf. Two hundred dollars in property has gone!" he said to me.

On the following day the cow was dead; the director had reported it to the General. I was summoned to his office. My feet stumbled, and my face became pale.

When I went into his office the General stood up and closed the door; then he put his hand upon my shoulder and very tenderly said: "I do not regret losing a cow. I am glad you have had such a tangible example of the danger of disobedience by killing an animal. Plenty of people in this world are wanting food, but be careful with your sympathy. If you think that charity is only giving them food and money, and if you neglect to give them the bread of life, which is the Word of God, you will spoil them." Then he smiled on me gently, and that smiling face to me was worth more than a thousand dollars.

By the generous treatment of the General and all his officers I learned everything very quickly. I was privately instructed also in Greek and Latin by a kind lady teacher. I observed all I wanted, and now I was looking for a higher school. The only trouble was the expense. I knew, however, that if I should ask the General he would be glad to help me and send me to any college or university; but according to my Oriental mind,

which was imbued with the doctrines of ancient magians, I did not ask him, neither did I consult with him about the matter.

Soon the General went on his annual tour round the United States, and he did not come home for some time. I felt quite lonesome, though I had many good friends all around me. I was now trying to go to a higher school to prepare for my life work. But who would help me? No one; but my unseen Benefactor was still looking after me with the loving word, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go."

As the result of my earnest prayer I found many Christian colleges in Iowa, Oberlin, New Haven, Boston, New York, and in Washington city. But I could not ask about choosing these schools openly of any of my school friends; at least, I feared to injure the feelings of my loved teachers; and such was the peculiar Oriental mind, too.

When a person is desiring or thinking something in his mind, and cannot express it to others but keeps it all to himself, it gives him anxiety, pain, and disquiet. I was perplexed, indeed, and was tired from my inexpressible suffering. I lay on a sofa, and read Smiles' "Self Help," and there I found how Grant and his two brothers went to search after a fortune, and judge the place by lot; that is, they took the cane, and stood it before them and they went in

the direction in which it fell, and became rich and famous. My heart was wakened again. I took a paper and cut it in many pieces; I wrote the name of one school on each paper, and cast the lot. The first one which I found was the name of Howard University, in the city of Washington. But I wanted to go to New Haven for my study. So I cast the lot again with most hearty prayer to my unseen Father; and again I found the same name, Howard University. Thus, now, I decided to go to the university at the capital.

Although I had no superstitious ideas, yet I believe divine direction comes to those who seek it. I do not believe in the existence of any visible angels, but this conscious, yet indescribable sense of divine guidance I called an angel, a messenger of God to me. So I believe here that my way was appointed by my heavenly Father.

Though I had no friend in the capital, yet by faith I made up my mind to go to the university as a wealthy young scholar who could help himself. But I was poor, and yet rich spiritually. To my eyes, the gold and silver were worth nothing more than a piece of rock or stone. Can a man carry all his earthly treasures into heaven? Nay! "Nothing in our hands we bring," and in the same manner we must go! But how many young men are ruined inwardly and spiritually by their intense desire to get riches! Remember that the corruption of each nation has sprung

from their worship of mammon instead of the true God in heaven. See the last days of Babylonia, Egypt, and the great Roman Empire. So must it be with each individual.

After I made my decision to go to the university in the capital, there came another thought that if I lived in Washington until I was through with my course of study, I should be benefited by finding many new things both in public museums and in good society, besides the knowledge of books; and it must be a liberal education for a heathen convert like myself to be in such a city.

Now I addressed a letter to the President of the University, whose name is so well known everywhere as the author of the famous hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," and other fine lyrics. I told him what I wanted and asked him, "How can I learn Christian civilization among these wild Indians?"

It is most astonishing to see how the mind and heart of the true sons of God are drawn to each other, as in the cases of David to Jonathan, and Paul to Timothy. Although I never met with the president, nor was recommended to him by any friend, yet, only by one communication, he looked through my heart at once, and knew this poor refugee from bottom to top. He answered my letter with the following words:

"We have concluded that you can enter one of our departments. I need not remind you of

your duty to your kind teachers there. You must secure their assent and approval. You seem to understand that very well. It is not certain that we can do as well by you as they. But, if you come here, we will try and do the best we can. You can ask for me. I live on the university grounds. Till I see you, good-bye.

Yours very truly," etc.

CHAPTER XV

AT THE CAPITAL—UNIVERSITY LIFE

FOR many days I had wrestled in prayer for the higher education, and now I had the answer. I could not let go this opportunity, for I had my long-cherished plan still in view ; and, also, I heard that my father in Japan was getting old and waiting for my return. Moreover, the spring term of the university had just begun, and my promise to the kind-hearted president must not be broken. For these reasons I could no longer wait for the arrival of the General. I left a letter to him, and finished all my business with the secretary and with a sad heart left the old Virginian home and many good friends.

I took a river boat and steamed up the Potomac, and soon arrived at the capital of the nation. The first thing that I wondered at was the Washington obelisk or national monument, which is the loftiest construction of masonry in the world. In the city the streets are broad and paved with stone or concrete, and everything is nice and clean as in a parlor. The trees are planted along the sidewalks, and the whole city was decorated with a beautiful green. The dwellings and public buildings were fine and large. The char-

acteristic of the people was a special refinement, and it seemed to me that they were not so hurried in the street as the New Yorkers or Bostonians.

To the eyes of a Washingtonian, my appearance must have been quite strange, for my old black hat had faded into brown, my half-broken shoes had not been brushed for many days. I was miserably clad in an old worn-out suit, with a big satchel in my hand, together with an old umbrella and a cane.

In such a condition I entered the university gate. When I appeared at the secretary's office,

"Johnny, what do you want now?" asked the secretary.

"I want to see the head man of this university," I answered.

"What! whom do you mean? the President?"

"Yes, I suppose he is expecting me here."

"Oh, you are the one whom the Doctor is so highly speaking of? You had better sit down here, sir; I will send a boy to the President," he said very courteously.

My heart was not at ease, for in a minute or two I must have audience with a man who had the high titles of D.D. and LL.D., and who could undoubtedly look through a person's heart by one glance of his keen eye; and whether I would be accepted or refused was wholly to depend on that interview. But, behold, when the door of the secretary's office was opened, there came in a gentleman somewhere near sixty years

of age, with a brisk business air, but clothed with meekness and humility. He introduced himself to this half-read scholar, and with kind welcome words he clasped my hand unusually tight.

"Why!" I said to myself, "what country does this man belong to?" And in my heart I answered, "A Christian country." I asked at once for daily Bible study, and was told I should have all the Bible I wanted.

Although it was my first interview with the gentleman, yet I soon felt as though I had known him for years, and this feeling must have been the same with the president, for I noticed it in all his ways of talking. He soon accompanied me to his residence, and introduced me to his family. It was about midday, and after I had dined with his family, the kind Doctor invited me to his private study. He handed me a family Bible and bade me read the twenty-second chapter in the book of Proverbs. After I read it, he knelt and offered a prayer to God,—the tenderest prayer that I ever heard from the voice of man.

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ was not a man," was the saying of Napoleon Bonaparte. So I might say, "I know men, and that this president was not simply a man but a Christian." Indeed, outside of *true* Christendom, where can we find such a godly race? All persons have the same sensibilities; that is, if a white man can test sugar as sweet, a black man also will test it the same; and so through all the



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range of his faculties. Then, we must know that every one can tell something about good and bad. If Christianity is a bad religion, how is it, since its Founder taught only three years, that his disciples, who were the meanest fishermen, carried it along the shores of Galilee, and finally it has spread all over Europe and America, and is spreading over Asia and Africa, and all the islands of the sea? Ah, stupid idolaters! how long will they stay in their blindness and keep away from Him who is the true Light which came from the bosom of our Father in heaven and lighteth every man that cometh into the world?

A few years ago, at the Chicago World's Fair, a company of Japanese Buddhist priests came and preached to the American public. In the city of Washington the priests had a distinguished audience, and among them was the wife of the president, and some other leading society ladies. After these priests went back to their home land, they said that the Americans were eagerly seeking after the mercy and blessing of Buddha; and they were already tired of the corrupt religion of Jesus. I must laugh at these obstinate priests, for they could not make a distinction between science and religion. A few Americans listened to them as lecturers on an ancient philosophy or science, and that was all. The priests had not sense enough even to understand about the generosity of the people of Christendom, who had treated them with such brotherly love and cour-

tesy, not at all as the first Christian missionaries to their country were treated, who were cruelly persecuted and put to death.

Now, my American patron, the president, knew my heart better than my own parents ; and the close friendship between the Doctor and myself was increased day by day. He called me " Isaiah," and I was often his page and companion whenever he was invited to various noted public meetings, and by his introduction, I met with several illustrious men of the day.

One of the great missionary meetings, the Moody meeting, is certainly worthy to be recorded here. That wonderful man had labored in the capital about thirty days. The meeting was held in the largest hall in the city. Every time the service was opened by the great choir of sixteen hundred voices, massed on a rising, semicircular platform. Mr. Sankey's solo singing was most marvelous. All noise instantly ceased when he took the seat to sing. On the platform, beside Mr. Moody, were nearly all the leading pastors of the city, prominent professional men, members of Congress, the president's wife and her lady friends. Over six thousand people made up the regular evening audience during the thirty days' assembly. Every morning, afternoon, and evening, Mr. Moody preached with mighty power. I cannot fully describe this eminent Christian soldier. I might say one word, however, that he was " a man sent from God," and that would be

sufficient for him and for all. On the last evening of the mission over four thousand Christians rose to testify that they had been revived; and I was one of them. Soon I was kindly recommended by President Rankin to a well-known pastor in the city, and I became a member of his blessed church which has one thousand fellow members. It was the church of which he himself had been fifteen years pastor.

The president was always very busy, and had no resting-day in the week, not even on Sunday, as he preached on that day in the college chapel. But whenever he had a vacant hour we both took a walk and visited the public places in the city, such as the White House, the Capitol, libraries, the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, the art gallery, the Zoological Park, and various public gardens. The most worthy to mention here was the capitol. Here are some of my notes about it: "It occupies a lofty seat on the western edge of the plateau of Capitol Hill. The surrounding park comprises about fifty-two acres. The building is 751 feet by 324 feet, including porticos. The whole structure is of the Corinthian order. The original building was of Potomac Creek freestone, but an enormous marble terrace and grand stairway erected on the north, west, and south gives the structure an imposing appearance. The interior of the capitol is divided into the House of Representatives, the Senate Chamber, Supreme Court, Library, Ro-

tunda and Statuary Hall, etc. Entering the capitol by the east front, a visitor is at once struck with the fine appearance of the door. It is all of bronze, and cost \$30,000." I feel sorry that I can describe only the outward building, and cannot attempt to show the backbone of the capitol, that is, the members of the house. But it is enough for a person if he knows that the chaplains of the Congress are both blind men—blind, but they see all spiritual things with a most clear eye, and we should judge no man by his bodily eyes!

The most disappointing thing to a visitor's expectation is the White House, the official residence of the President, comparing it with the homes of the emperors and kings in the old world. There are no military officials at its gates. A stranger may enter without obstruction or questions. The mansion is a plain two-storied building. But such is the plainness and simplicity of the American republic and the home of liberty! Once I saw the inauguration of a new president. It was a cold, sleety day in March, yet the newcomer rode in his carriage from the capitol to the White House with bared head, taking off his silk hat almost all the way, as the crowds of people cheered him unceasingly. Comparing this to the coronation of the present Czar of Russia, which was conducted with enormous extravagance, there was a vast difference. The characteristics of the days of the "Mayflower" and the old Pilgrim Fathers are still carried out, and it is the spirit of

America ; but if she loses it, her condition will be like the salt which has lost its savor.

The Doctor and I were not only visiting and walking together, but for our physical exercise we both went to the market every day in the early morning before breakfast, to buy a day's provisions and other things. One day we bought a lawn-mower. I carried it all the way up to our house. The Doctor told me to draw it instead of carrying it, but I did not obey him.

"I suppose you have forgotten all your lessons in science. The machine has two wheels, and you must let them work instead of using your hands," was his advice.

"No, no ! this is my principle, not to depend on others, so far as my strength will allow. But, of course, for my greater work, such as saving men, I must wholly depend upon good-hearted benefactors," I said to him, and it was more like a boy preaching philosophy to Plato. But such discussions were always brought up while we were walking on the streets of Washington.

At home, I was the Doctor's pet, but in the recitation-room he was a very strict master, and often he was pretty hard on me as well as on all his pupils, in catechetics and examinations. Sometimes I appealed to my affectionate mistress, and the Doctor was always playfully taken to task by the madam for his treatment of his boy.

In the president's classes I studied moral philosophy, Christian evidences, and other high

branches of science. I had eight other classes to attend every day, as my studies were extended into two different departments. I liked all the professors. The professor of literature and oratory was the jolliest man I ever met. Once I was chosen to speak at the oratorical contest before the large public audience, the judges being some of the leading men in the capital. The place was the college chapel. Everything was in grand style. The hall was decorated with colors, the band played, and there were six speakers in all. After the young scholars presented their emphatic discourses, the chief judge, who was one of the editors of the Washington "Star," announced the opinion of his fellow judges. I did not get a prize, but he conferred upon me this title instead: "Born English orator." And then, the pride of my loving Doctor and the mistress was very excessive! All my other public speeches, such as those delivered at the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, presenting the president's portrait, which was drawn by myself, to the First Congregational Church, and in various missionary meetings in the city, were highly spoken of by the Washington papers. Everybody was kind to me. With most humble and thankful heart, I must return all my honor to my teachers. My instructor in drawing and painting was a good-hearted, refined lady, whose father had been a brigadier-general in the war.

I drew several portraits of distinguished per-

sonages, and earned more than a hundred dollars during one school year. The "Standard," a weekly paper, published the following notice: "Among the attractions in the University Chapel is a new portrait of Professor Bascom, by Mr. J. Oyabe of Japan. This young artist has done other very fine work, having made three crayons of ex-Senator Pomeroy, two of Madame Sono, and one of Doctor Rankin. Professor Bascom's portrait, too, is a very faithful and excellent one."

The professor of history and "dead languages" was a very devoted, strict, hard master. If his pupil missed one word in a sentence or the exact date of a certain event in the pages of history, he would not pass his examination. Largely on that account, when we reached the end of the senior term, there remained only five young men, though while we were in the junior year there were more than a dozen classmates.

Although my kind president was looking after my interests and all my needs, yet it was my nature to hate to ask anything of my friends, or to depend at all upon the care of others. So it was my usual custom to go out every summer vacation to work and earn some money for my own expenses.

One summer vacation day, in the city of New York, a friend of mine, who was a member of a respectable club, said to me: "Do prepare for us a lecture on Japan. It would be interesting to us, indeed!" I followed his advice, and did pre-

pare a lecture entitled "An Evening Trip to Japan." He secured many places for me, at which I lectured, with good enough success to encourage me, though I think my English was better written than spoken.

CHAPTER XVI

LECTURER—VISITING EUROPE

THE sweet summer was quickly gone, and the bright autumn took its place in the world where the seasons are like a treadmill. I returned to my school again with good health and strength. My kind president and the mistress were greatly rejoiced when they found me at home again. The madam, with her motherly smile, was busy ordering her old English lady, the cook, to prepare some of the choicest food which I liked the best. "The fish and rice is better for 'im!" was the cunning joke of a sweet Irish waitress, also in the president's house.

Here I was in my busy life again with all branches of study. But whenever I had time, as during the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, I delivered my lecture at several public halls in the city. The Washington "Star," a largely circulated daily paper, published the following flattering notice:

"'An Evening Trip to Japan' was the title of a lecture delivered at Carroll Hall last evening by J. Oyabe, of Japan. The lecturer is one of the brightest of the many clever young Japanese gentlemen who have come to this country to

put a latter-day finish on their education. The Japanese history, architecture, art, scenery, customs, and daily life were all discoursed upon most delightfully, while a large number of choice stereopticon views added pictorial attractiveness to the faithful description given by the lecturer. Mr. Oyabe, who has many friends in this city, is an attractive speaker, who has five different languages at his command. He had a large audience, who listened attentively to his interesting talk."

I knew I hardly deserved all that, but it encouraged me.

I lectured also in Orange, New Jersey, and in Pennsylvania, and found many nice friends, and earned enough money to pay all my traveling expenses at home and abroad. But this is like the folly of the great apostle, and must be forgiven.

In the following summer vacation I had planned to visit Europe, not to take a trip to Paris or Berlin, neither to St. Petersburg, but to the old European cities generally, not so often visited by pleasure-seeking travelers. I decided to go to the cities of Portugal, Spain, and some of the islands, such as Madeira and the Canaries. I also had a plan to journey through the interior of England.

I thought that if I had any companion it would be troublesome for me, for I was going round the old world with not more than one hundred and fifty dollars in my pocket. I started

alone from New York, even without announcing my departure to my friends, because I wanted to save them the trouble of giving me their parting words and presents; and because I did not like to let my well-wishers see how humble was my departure.

I bought a cheap ticket for London, and went on board the steamer. Soon the swift sailer was threading its way under full head of steam, and marched over the deep. There was nothing worthy to mention on board the steamer except the gaily dressed young ladies and thoughtless cockneys, arm in arm, drinking and sometimes dancing all night. They tried all the luxuries they could find on board. If young men and women can be prosperous in that way, we, the toilful students, are very foolish indeed, but the happiest world does not always belong to such lazy prodigals.

Early one morning, after spending seven days at sea, sharp whistles announced the arrival of the steamer, and we were safely landed at the great city of London.

I made quite a book during my four months' trip in Europe. But my limited space allows me only to make a little use of it in this narrative.

I had a very serious time procuring my lodging in London. The reason was that my purse did not allow me to stay in a great hotel like the Albemarle, Brown's or Charing Cross, and pay

more than one pound sterling for a room and a meal. Instead of going there I found a private boarding-house, and for the cost of a night in a grand hotel I stayed one whole week, and found myself comfortably lodged and well cared for during the time I was in London. I visited the British Museum, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, Bank of England, Kew and Vauxhall gardens, Crystal Palace, the Colonial Exhibition, and some other public places. I also observed the hidden side of London with a dark lantern; and it was a very strange sight for a stranger, too. In the darkest quarters, where no sight-seeing traveler or even a Salvation Army man could reach, there lie many an interesting lesson of practical sociology and pastoral theology. But how foolish a minister of religion who refuses to visit such a place for his investigations! So it seemed to me.

I spent about six days and was now ready to leave the city. Then, for the first time, I visited our Japanese Legation and the Japan Society in London. One of my countrymen kindly urged me to make an engagement to meet friends at the club; but I declined this offer and told him that I came to study the kind of society which ordinary travelers could not observe. I asked him, however, to secure for me a hall to deliver one lecture, so that I might make a little addition to my fund for traveling expenses. After he had examined all my American indorsements and

newspaper notices, he arranged for me a public hall. I lectured before a good-sized audience, and was very well received.

The next day, I disguised myself again as a poor traveler, putting on an old coat, wearing a cheap one-shilling hat, and a pair of old boots, and started on my long pedestrian journey.

In the outskirts of the city I went into a restaurant to get my last supper in London.

The pretty English waitress inquired of me: "Are you from Japan, my dear?"

I answered, "Yes."

"Did you hear the lecture on Japan by one of your countrymen last evening at the Music Hall?" she asked me with a soft smile, but her gentle words made melody in my heart.

It was my promise that I would tell nothing but the truth in my whole life; but to her in such a case, of course, I could not say that I was the very one. So in pretence I put on an air of not knowing, and said:

"Was it? Then, what do you think about our lecturer?"

"Oh, he was just like an angel! I wish I could go to Japan," was her affable expression.

Although a strict economist, yet I was obliged to give her a silver florin for her trouble and kind speech while the supper itself cost me not more than a shilling.

From London I started for Plymouth, passing

through Portsmouth and Southampton. Tramping through England is wonderfully interesting and amusing. There are no negroes to insult, neither wild "Injins" to shoot as in the New World, but everywhere amiable old folks and lovely maidens and angels without wings. The scenery is natural and beautiful as it is pictured by Birket Foster and other noted artists, and by the word-painting of many poets. The hills and glens were all covered with old trees, wild flowers, and green vines. The ruined castles and old cathedrals were robed in ivy and moss. The sheep and cows were walking slowly along the silent streams in the valleys, the lambs skipping and playing on the lawns, and the birds singing sweetly in the woods. The land itself is the mother of Tennyson, Wordsworth, and other saints of poetry!

A traveler in England will also notice the generosity of the simple-hearted country people. Once, in the vicinity of Portsmouth, I could not find a hotel in which to spend the night. I went into a farmhouse and asked for lodging. The old mistress of the house welcomed me very heartily. She gave me a nice warm dinner and the best room in the house. When I started off the next morning I paid her some money, but she gave it right back, saying courteously: "Don't trouble yourself. We must thank you for your pleasant company."

She looked poor, but her pocket was full of

gold which she earned by her own labor. These steady, honest mothers and daughters are the corner-stone of Old England.

A week was spent in visiting Portsmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, and Wilton. Then I passed on to Plymouth, where I spent the Sabbath at the old St. Andrew's cathedral. One beautiful day when I was in Plympton Devon, in the near vicinity of Plymouth, and visiting the old historical spots, such as the ancient grammar school, St. Mary's Church, and the ruined Norman Castle, I met with a half-dozen young country maidens who had come also to visit the old place.

"Where did you come from?" one of them asked me in a polite and very friendly manner.

"I came from America a few weeks ago. I like this country, and certainly I admire it, and you can be proud of it, too," I answered.

"You came from America?" she asked me again.

"Oh, no, Emma, do n't believe him. He did n't come from America, because he speaks our language so well," exclaimed another maiden.

I told her that I was born in Japan, but I had lived in America for some time, and that was the reason why I could speak English.

One of them looked at my face very watchfully and said: "Strange! the Americans use our English language, too!"

A Columbus is still needed to teach her the

existence of the New World, but such was the natural beauty and the childlike simplicity of an English lass.

I visited many old villages and houses where the Pilgrim Fathers were hidden during the time of the persecution. I left the old city, Plymouth, and turned my feet to Liverpool through Bristol and Birmingham. From Liverpool I took a steamer and crossed the Channel to Oporto in Portugal, from which I went to Madrid, the capital of Spain, and the old city of Lisbon. I spent two days in Lisbon, then took a small coasting steamer and sailed for Madeira Island.

At first when I arrived in America I found everything was very different from my Oriental home; but now I came from America to these old countries, I found that there was no strangeness in *them* at all. The customs of the old European countries are very much the same as in America or in England, and it must be familiar to any American or English reader. So here I will just bring out a few notes from my travels concerning the Madeira Island:—

“The Madeira Island is one of the most charming spots in the world. The city, containing several old stone buildings, is situated along the seashore. The streets of the city are all paved with stone. The people use sedan chairs and hammocks borne by stalwart natives. Everything here seems very old, but, at the time of Columbus, they must have been adding beauty to

the new city. Everywhere on this island figs and grapes are plentiful. Wine is the principal merchandise. When the island was first settled by the Portuguese, sugar was one of the principal commodities, but this was given up after the West Indies were brought under culture. Some cane is still cultivated, but, instead of making sugar, it is all crushed to make fire-water. Along the street I met with soldiers and policemen. I noticed that their uniform was old and defaced, and some of them were walking on the street with bare feet. From their appearance I must say that the finances of the government must be in a poor condition. I was told that the laws are easy so long as the heavy taxes are paid. No passport is required by the visitor when he lands; but be sure he must get or buy one when he departs from the island. 'Welcome the coming, bleed the parting guest,' may be said by the Madeira officers."

All through my European travels, I had practised a very close economy, so far as I could. At first when I landed in Madeira I found on the street a boy who could speak some English. I promised to pay him one shilling a day if he would guide me through the island. The boy was glad to accept it, as he had no special work to do to earn his bread. I told him to take me to a bookstore. So he did, and I bought a guide-book of Madeira which was translated into English. I read it carefully, and directed the

boy to take me from one place to another throughout the city and the country.

"O Master! you sabe Madeira more better me countryman," said my little guide in surprise.

One day we took our expedition up to the beautiful mount, or mountain, on whose summit the old Mount Church is situated. Its troublesome altitude of three hundred feet above sea-level makes access difficult. I hired the native hammock-men and we were carried up in hammocks as a wounded soldier is carried by the Red Cross men. We visited the Mount Church. It was a large stone building in old Roman style. When I and my little interpreter went in, I saw four monks in their study. I talked to them through my interpreter; the priests took great interest in me. They gave me fruits and cakes, and showed me all possible kindness.

One of the elder priests asked me, "Do you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, sir, I do," I answered.

"Are you a Catholic?" he inquired of me in earnest.

"Yes, I am."

I did not mean to say, however, that I was a Romanist, but a believer in the Catholic Christian Church. But the priest thought I was a Roman Catholic. He ordered his monks to light candles in the main hall. He put on his priestly robe, and took me to the place of worship. There I saw many earthen models of human feet, hands,

eyes, noses, and heads which were all hung on the walls of the hall. The priest explained to me that they were brought up by the patients who suffered in their hands or feet or other members of their body and had been made whole by the blessed holy water. The influence of the holy water on these superstitious people was more like the description of the effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures diseases of every kind. To me, the house looked more like a surgical museum than a place of worship.

Now the priest took me before a gilded figure of the Virgin Mary, and told me, through my interpreter: "My Catholic young man, worship it most reverently in your Catholic way!"

But I did not know the manners of worship which the Romanists practise; besides, I would never worship a figure though it be the Mother of Jesus. So I stood still and looked at the image, which is the fine work of an old artist.

"Ho! young man, do worship respectfully, do worship!" The priest urged me again.

I told him that I was worshiping God in my heart, and that would be all right. The narrow-minded monks looked in each other's faces with surprise, and one of them said: "Certainly the American way of worship must be different from ours."

After I had stayed about a week in Madeira Island, I took a steamer for the old French city, Marseilles. We saw several old-fashioned fishing

and coasting vessels tossing upon the surface of the Mediterranean Sea. When we met them, we shook our hats and handkerchiefs toward them, and the sailors saluted us in the same way. Human nature is the same everywhere! Soon our steamer was laid beside the great wharf. Here again are a few notes from my journal :

“ When the arrival of the steamer was evidently near, the sailors were busy concealing the ship’s cargo of Madeira wine and tobacco. I suppose it was because the French customs are very rigorous on these things. Soon a company of custom-house officers came on board to examine us. But the German captain was too smart for them. He invited them all into the saloon *to discuss a bottle*. After a while the officers came on deck in a staggering manner. They were hooked by the captain’s whiskey like a fish on a bait. They went on shore with gratitude and *understanding*.

“ The streets of Marseilles are as clean as in the city of Washington, well paved and planted with trees. The buildings are fine, and they are mostly six or seven stories high. The people in general are small, but they are wonderfully smart, intelligent, and sociable. The restaurants and coffee-shops are plenty everywhere. The hotel bills were comparatively cheap ; people ate more vegetables and fish, and wine was used in place of water.

“ I visited the old palace of Napoleon III, the museum, art gallery, several old castles and

forts, and the cathedral of Santa Maria, which I may call a stone mountain of human labor. On the return to my hotel, I missed my way, and wandered from one corner of the street to another. In that way I passed through several nasty, miserable streets,—such places as I saw in England, Spain, and elsewhere. I thanked God that I had observed the hind side of the proud society and the old civilization."

From the port of Marseilles I took a steamer and sailed straight to New York. I had been through the wonderful Old World, but there was none so lovely and attractive as home, sweet home; and my heart went over the sea to my old friends and my own American home.

"Take me back to home and mother,
I am weary wandering here,
There can never be another
Spot on earth that is so dear.
Tho' I roam 'mid scenes of splendor,
Yet my heart is filled with pain,
And a longing, soft and tender,
Whispers, 'Take me home again'."

CHAPTER XVII

STUDYING AT NEW HAVEN

THOUGH a traveler may not be in a hurry, yet he will not feel happy when the steamer in which he is taking a trip is running too slowly. Neither is it a very pleasant thing to see another steamer coming far behind and within an hour or two passing his own slow sailer. The boat which I took from Marseilles was an extraordinarily slothful one. I felt rather sorry for our captain every time we came into connection with a fast steamer that passed us. In the middle of the Atlantic one day, however, we met with the U.S.S. "Lancaster," an old wooden cruiser on the way from her Asiatic station. Here, for the first time, our slow steamer overcame her adversary, the old American man-of-war. Many of the German sailors and English passengers laughed at the old cruiser. They said that such an antiquated wooden vessel was really good for nothing against the modern steel warships. An American gentleman on board the steamer explained to them that his government was now preparing to build powerful ships for a proposed American navy. But I thought it was very foolish talk. If the old countries laugh at the New World, let them

laugh. America's mission to the world should be to teach freedom and everlasting peace, and to build up the kingdom of Christ. If this be true, then why does she need to increase her sea-power in order to be on a level with the old kingdoms and empires? If she wishes, however, to go back to the ideas of old monarchical governments, let her first break down Father Washington's republic.

I did not care who condemned America, for my heart was fixed upon her as my adopted home. When my eyes first caught sight of the Sandy Hook light-boat, my heart was filled with joy. The progress of the slow steamer seemed to me more slow than ever. Soon, however, the enormous hull of the ship passed between forts Hamilton and Tompkins, and within a few hours we cast anchor in New York harbor.

It was a beautiful day in autumn, and it was just the opening of the school term. So, without delaying a moment, I returned to my old school. There my loving old president and the mistress of the house were so glad to find me again at their home. When the eyes of the mistress first fell upon me, she said: "There comes my boy, my son, my Isaiah!"

The very next day I was busy again with my studies. In every one of our studies we were very strictly examined, from term to term, and thus we were tried critically as gold and silver are tried in the fire. Toward the end of the

senior year all unqualified members were left out, and there remained only five scholars in the class that endured to the end and were saved. When the last day of the course came it was my lot to speak as the valedictorian of our class. The "Washington Post," a standard morning paper in the capital published the following notice :

"There were five graduates, all of whom were down for addresses, but Mr. Young. Mr. C. H. Edmunds spoke on 'Saved by faith;' Mr. S. S. McKinney, on 'Samuel Crowther;' 'The man needed to-day,' was earnestly presented by Mr. W. P. Bradley; and Mr. Jenichiro Oyabe, the last speaker, and a native of Japan, took for his theme 'Religions in Japan.' He held the close attention of the audience and called forth much applause. Singing by the President's Glee Club was interspersed throughout the exercises. The diplomas were conferred upon the graduates by the President of the University, who also addressed fitting words to the class."

One day, the president came to my room full of joy. He handed me "The Advance," a Chicago paper, and also a copy of "The Missionary Herald." He told me that if I read both of these papers, I would find some news about my father in Japan. I read them carefully, and I found a long and interesting article about his conversion and baptism. "The Missionary Herald" said that my father was first converted by reading a book called "Sources of Heavenly Things" which was

written in Chinese by Rev. Dr. Martin of Peking University, China. Undoubtedly my conversion in America, and studies under the care of Christian friends, must also have had a strong effect upon his heart.

Shortly afterward I received a letter from an American friend, a Washington lady, who went to Japan, and was an eyewitness of my father's baptism. In that letter she says:

"And how rejoiced you will be when you receive his letter that tells you he is no longer 'a heathen,' as you called him to me, but a baptized Christian! Your father came up here last Saturday to have a talk with Dr. Davis and others on the subject of baptism, and to read to them a statement of his belief. The missionaries were satisfied with his statement, and the only question was, should he be baptized up here on the mountain, or at the little church in the town where he lives. He wanted very much to be baptized on this mountain, and it was settled that the decision should be made by several Japanese Christian teachers. They decided he should be baptized there. So in the evening of the 9th quite a large assembly of Japanese and foreigners collected in the chapel tent, and we had a very interesting and solemn service. A young theological student presided, reading the Bible and making a prayer, and then telling the Japanese friends the story of your father's conversion. Then Dr. Davis told him the meaning of being

'baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' I suppose I can little understand what it may cost your father to come out boldly on Christ's side. It may lose him his place, and his standing in society. But God is able to keep him firm."

I also received several other interesting reports from my American and Japanese friends. In one of Dr. Davis' letters he says :

"It was indeed a wonderful Providence which brought your father to come so far and seek baptism at my hand ; and his is a wonderful story of how God leads a man, and of the power of his truth upon the heart. I hope you will study the practical side of Christianity, and be ready to help push earnest practical spiritual work in Japan. It seems to me that, if possible, you had better come back this year, on your father's account, and it may be better for you not to be away from your country too long."

Now my question was whether I should go back to Japan as I was advised by Dr. Davis, or remain in America and spend more time in study. It is the impulse of my nature to do what I want to do, vehemently, and to complete it thoroughly from the beginning to the end. In the previous chapter, the reader will remember how I wanted to come to New Haven, at the time when I chose my school. Now the time had come, and surely I must fulfil my old idea.

I gave up the plan of going back to Japan for

the present, and, instead of it, I made an application to the President of the University in New Haven, endorsed by my pastor and a lady friend of mine who was President of the W. C. T. U. in the city of Washington. In reply, I was permitted to enter that university as one of the members who could receive a scholarship.

A little over seventy-three miles from the city of New York, in the old town of New Haven, stands the famous seat of learning known as Yale University. It was founded in 1701, and in 1718, the name of Yale College was given by the trustees of the school, in honor of the benefactions of Elihu Yale. There are thirty-five main college buildings, mostly located in "Yale Campus."

When Goethe first visited the old city of Rome, he said: "Now I have reached the capital of the whole world." So when I entered the old University town, it seemed to me that I had reached the university of all universities. The college buildings, such as Osborn, White, Vanderbilt, and Dwight halls and Battell Chapel were simply grand with their Greek and Roman styles of architecture. When I arrived, I found my room already assigned in one of the dormitories. Thus, the very same day I was settled and felt perfectly at home. All the professors and students were very friendly to me. All whom I met gave me the cordial salutation, "I am very happy to meet you: I hope you will feel at home here."

Let me describe here very briefly the members of the divinity school, which is the corner-stone of that university.

When I first visited the president he asked me, "How long have you been in America?"

I told him that I reached New York in 1888.

"Oh, you are quite an old American citizen! I wish you could settle yourself right in this city," was his remark.

The senior Doctors, Day, Harris, Fisher, and Brastow, were all gray-haired saints. But at heart they were more like young schoolboys who care for nothing in the world but their studies. In their minds, as it seemed to me, there was no idea of becoming old. Doctor Day, then the dean of the Divinity school, asked me one day to teach him Japanese. I told him that it was impossible for an old gentleman like himself to study such a difficult language.

"Oh, no, no! I may go to Japan some day; can I not?" was his reply, and yet he was above seventy years of age.

With such youthful energy they instruct their pupils. Although there is no prescribed law, yet a pupil naturally pays respect and honor to these men on account of their manner of truthfulness and humility. Professors Stevens, Porter, Curtis, Blackman, Fairbanks, and Curry, were all middle-aged, fine, useful scholars of this day. In the class-room, there was no fixed wall between these men and the students. They



BATTELL CHAPEL, YALE UNIVERSITY.



instructed their pupils, not with vain and assuming manners, as a dignified professor in his scholastic uniform and wig is accustomed to do in the old world, but friendliness and cordiality were their motto. Often we were invited to a "social gathering" in each of these gentlemen's families. There the professor, his wife, and their children and even the pet dog and cat were all gathered in the parlor, and spent most delightful evenings with conversation and singing.

The students, too, were all brotherly to each other. It seems to me that they had no idea of race prejudice in their minds. I was often asked by my classmates about certain questions in our daily lessons, or sometimes they would ask me the spelling of an English word. If they had thought of me as a foreigner, they would not have done so; but, in fact, they did not make any distinction of race, but believed in the brotherhood of man. Their hearts were broad and straight, like a palm tree which has no crooked branches on its trunk. But the heart of our Japanese students in general is more like a coffee-tree which has many small branches on its trunk, and fruitful while yet in its youth. An American student takes more time to grow, and, long after his graduation, he brings forth abundant fruits.

One day I was assigned to preach in the Marquand Chapel before the Senior class and the professor of homiletics and oratory. It was during the war between China and Japan. So I took

for my subject, "The Chinese-Japanese war and Christianity." After I had delivered my discourse many criticisms were offered by the students. At last, Doctor Brastow, who was the professor of homiletics, rose and addressed the class:

"Gentlemen! I sympathize with Mr. Oyabe. In this university, we have had several students from Japan, but I regard Mr. Oyabe as the second Japanese gentleman who speaks fluent English that I have ever heard since I took this chair. The first one whom I mention was Mr. Nakajima, who is now a professor at the Imperial University in Tokyo."

The Doctor has known me ever since, and has taken great interest in me.

Once I got the grippe, a peculiar disease prevalent during that year. My health became poor, and I was much affected with weakness, which increased day after day. Doctor Brastow visited my room one day and advised me to take regular exercise at the gymnasium every day. Then he gave me a note addressed to the director of the University gymnasium, and handed me also fifteen dollars for the admission fee and some other expenses. I went there daily after the recitation was closed, and I soon became a skilful master in some forms of the gymnastic art. One day, when I was chosen to play our favorite basket-ball, the director of the gymnasium said to the captain, "That Jap plays like a regular tiger!" My countryman, the schoolmate,

told me, however, that it was too boyish for a scholar to play such a thing. But I did not take his advice.

In general, Japanese literary and upper class men are small, with feeble health and weak bodies. It is partly because they do not take proper care of their physical constitution. In their estimate, athletic training is too childish. The origin of such an idea must have been due to the long peace during the Tokugawa dynasties. Until the late revolutionary war in Japan, the people generally contemned the working class of men. Hence, the upper class people used long-sleeved garments and fine silken robes. Very likely such a custom may have come from their desire to distinguish themselves from the poor laboring men. Gradually, the physical as well as moral health of our nation was ruined by their luxury and carelessness. And, of course, our people cannot be proud of it, neither can they say it is the highest form of civilization.

Young Americans seem to understand all these weak points of the old world. They are steadily trying to develop power both of mind and body. Once, I witnessed a great football game between our team and the Harvard men. It was the greatest game ever fought between the blue and crimson. The young and old members of both universities yelled many hundred times. Soon there appeared a tall, white-faced, blue-eyed, Roman-nosed, red-and-brown-haired young man.

The battle without weapons was begun; the struggle between these men was more like the picture of an Olympian contest. Finally, the victory was won by our blue team. Yells again were given by those who held a small blue flag. That evening the men of both universities met together in a club-house in a most benign and friendly manner. There, the rude boys became again respectable young gentlemen. And such pleasant-charactered young men are the germs that will produce the healthful America, after they are developed!

CHAPTER XVIII

VISION OF FUTURE WORK—ORDINATION

WHEN I was in New Haven I used to preach somewhat in the local churches, and also gave lectures in the city and in many different towns, and thus had a good opportunity of visiting the old historical spots in the New England states.

One vacation day I went to Newport and visited the old home of Commodore Perry and saw his bronze statue in Touro Park. My heart was greatly moved, because he was the first man who went to Japan and opened her gates to the Western world. And ever since the great American republic and the empire of Japan have been in friendly accord, under the hand of Almighty God. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The recent questions connected with the Doshisha school and the American Board have perhaps injured the feelings of the American people, and Japan's faithfulness and loyalty to her sister country and to Christianity have been misunderstood. Yet the Americans ought to remember that Japan is one of their own children; for, during Commodore Perry's visit to Japan, England and Russia and all other powers were jealous about the American

expedition. On the other hand, most of the Japanese thought that the armed American squadron came to take possession of Japan, and so every preparation was made to fight with the "savage foreigners." In those perilous days the American officer stood bravely from the beginning to the end, and finally peaceful negotiations were made between the two sister countries. The commodore was not only a hero in the history of the American republic, but he was also the friend of our country. It was not enough, then, that his countrymen honor and commemorate his merit with a bronze monument in his native town.

In my future, beside my pastoral work among my own race, I desire to establish a manual training institution for aborigines in the Orient, like the Hampton and Carlisle institutions in America. Let it be truly an organ of all charity organizations and benevolent societies. Petty disputes concerning theology, denominational jealousy and race prejudice should be strictly avoided. "The Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man" must be the aim. Let it produce many trained native workers, who know something about manual labor to support themselves, and scatter them everywhere among their own people.

But, of course, I know that a man's desire cannot always be realized, for, in the life of man, there lie many difficult mountains and deep seas to cross, and there are dangers of sickness and


calamity. Yet I have stated here boldly my future plan, so that in case I cannot complete it for any reason, and should die without fulfilling this long-cherished hope, some of my kind readers may take up this work of philanthropy. To undertake such a great work one must expect to meet great difficulties, but "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love." A man can conquer all difficulty by one word—truthfulness. If he has a truthful heart, he can move the heart of every creature, though he has no special talent. The secret of being a successful man in this world is therefore to mould his heart first to an absolute truthfulness, and then do what he can do well.

In the year 1888 I first landed in America with empty hands, and ever since I have not suffered for anything, but, under the shadow of the Almighty's wings, I have been fed, clothed and educated. I have suffered because there was no chance for me to requite favors which I had received from Christian America. Just at that time, the questions of Hawaiian annexation and the Japanese laborers were in discussion all over the country. Once I read in a newspaper that there were more than twenty thousand Japanese laborers living in the Hawaiian Islands; and there was an influx of an immense number of pagan worshipers or Buddhists from the Orient. One of the Pacific papers said:

"In the present agitation in California concern-

ing the evils to be apprehended from Japanese immigration the danger of the ingress of Japanese laborers from the Hawaiian Islands has a prominent place. . . . According to the figures compiled at the office of the Japanese consulate in this city (San Francisco) there are at present on this coast 3,866 Japanese men and 200 women, making over 4,000 in all. But these figures, by the admission of the consul's clerk, are only approximately correct, and the evidences would tend to show that the actual number is much larger. They are all Buddhist believers, and so, naturally, they bring their idols and heathen customs to this country, too," etc.

Now I thought my first duty would be to go to the Hawaiian Islands in order to defend my benefactress, America, from the dangers of Buddhists. "Truly if they come by the hundreds to Christian America through that Pacific island, what danger will accrue to the uneducated poorer class of American people?" I thought. Of course I understand that the Americans have sense enough to choose the best religion. But among seventy millions of her population there must be some cranks who would worship the images of old Moloch and Buddha in the midst of the children of God. So I determined to go to Hawaii to preach and teach the Orientals who live there. This act of mine was merely to express my own thankfulness for the benefits which I had received from America. My schoolmate, a well-known



Japanese scholar, who was a preacher in Honolulu before he came to New Haven, thus advised me, after hearing of my decision :

"Oh, you had better give it up; for you are too good to go to those islands. On the way to America I spent there about six months, so I know pretty well about it, and I am sure that you will repent soon after you get there."

"Yes, perhaps so. 'Yet even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table,'" I answered, and did not change my mind.

At New Haven I made many good friends who belong to the best society; and I was very happy and prosperous. But my old Doctor in Washington city had now some suspicions about me, although in my heart I always remembered him and regarded him as my Christian father. Once he wrote me a letter with the following words:

"So you are no longer 'a reed shaken by the wind,' but being 'brought up in the King's house.' I am glad you have all these physical comforts. You are now in our old New England school. It is not like going to market every morning with the old President. But do not despise the day of small things. You are the best, very best, 'boy' I ever had. I am glad you stand by the faith once delivered to the saints, and are contented with what satisfied the apostle Paul. I think you and I cannot do better in explaining the plan of salvation than he did. And I know

we both need the grace, which he so delighted to glorify."

From the time I first met with the Doctor until my departure from America, he wrote me about forty-one letters from time to time, and all were filled with true Christian love.

At the end of our spring term, the Doctor wrote me to come to Washington once more before I left America; then he would make an arrangement for me to be ordained as a Christian minister. I accepted his kind invitation, and determined to visit the capital as soon as possible, because it was now very near summer, and if I delayed a little longer all my Washington friends would have left the city for their vacation. As soon as our last Senior examination was closed, I went to see Professor Fisher and explained to him the matter. This distinguished American scholar gave me the following letter:

NEW HAVEN, CONN., May 19, 1895.

Mr. J. Oyabe, after going through a course of study at the Howard University, entered the Yale University, and will receive the degree of B.D. at the approaching commencement. Mr. Oyabe, during his connection with us, has been diligent and faithful as a student, and exemplary in his conduct. He is commended to all to whom he has occasion to present this note.

GEORGE P. FISHER.

I went round among my acquaintances to bid them farewell. When I saw President Dwight, he said: "I congratulate you on the end of your school life, but I feel very sorry to miss you now

from our University." This weighty word of the grand old president was worth to me more than a golden medal. I dined with Doctor Brastow, and then went to see Doctor Day, my favorite professor. He invited me into his own study and advised me very kindly in the following words:

"It is generally a great temptation for a young man to attempt to be a great man soon after his graduation. We educate young men simply how to study. I want you to remember that you are now just entering into a school of life. A young man who wants to climb the ladder of success must commence at the lowest round. Do not try to be a head man from the beginning. If you do, the others will try to check you, and they will all push down your head so that you will not lift it up. But, on the contrary, if you keep your humble place, the others will soon find you and try to lift you up. Such is human nature the world over."

The professor also told me about his early experience in the late civil war:

"We, then the youthful college men, marched South, and when we came as far as to Maryland, most of our gallant boys, as they called themselves when they started from home, were about jaded out; but we, the steady boys who were called cowards, were strong as ever, and fought many battles until the end. You are going now into the Christian battle; and I command you to

do the same as we, the coward boys, did in those old days."

He wrote me a humbling, commendatory letter, and told me :

"I do not praise you with sounding words. I estimate you in this letter much cheaper than your own price. I do so because I want you to have more experience ; then, by and by, after the old folks are all dead, to fill up their place."

I left the old college town and soon arrived at the city of Washington. There, my old Doctor and his wife were glad to find their long-missed boy again at home. The madam led me into the very best apartment in the house, and told me : "Remember, this will always be your room ; and you must not go away from here any more." The Doctor was now busy making arrangements for my ordination service as grand as he could manage.

For a brief account of my ordination, I will copy from the minutes made out by the board of the examining committee :

"Mr. J. Oyabe was then called upon and made a verbal statement concerning his birth and his conversion. Questions were then propounded to the candidate by Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D., Rev. H. P. Higley, D. D., Rev. R. Nourse, Rev. B. N. Seymour, and Rev. J. H. Jenkins. The candidate then, by request, retired from the room for a short time. On motion by Rev. R. Nourse, Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D., and

Rev. S. M. Newman, D. D., were asked to state what they knew of the education, piety, and character of the candidate, which was done. The candidate was then recalled and examined further by different members of the council. On motion by Rev. B. N. Seymour the council was then in session by itself. Each member having expressed his views regarding the candidate, on motion by Rev. B. N. Seymour, it was unanimously voted that the paper presented by the candidate and the examination which had been made be considered sustained, and that the council proceed to arrange for the ordination service."

Quite a large number of people were present. Delegates were invited from all the leading churches in the vicinity. There were also many distinguished people as delegates at large, and the commendatory letters from Professor Fisher, and Professor Day of New Haven were read. The ordination service took the place of the regular evening service on Sunday at the First Church, one of the largest and finest churches in the capital. The ordination sermon was preached by my old President from the text: "A man sent from God." The sermon was published by "The Pulpit," of June, 1895. The house was well filled, and there were more than a thousand people who came to be eye-witnesses of the ordination service, as well as to hear the eminent President. In his conclusion of the ordination sermon he said:

"You know something about American civilization. You have been in American families and American churches. Imperfect as America is, it is the best and freest country on the earth. What has made her what she is, is the prevalence of human freedom and the fearless study of God's truth. Freedom of thought alone makes infidel nations. Loyalty to the truth as God has revealed it, whether in matters of religion or of life, is a nation's only safeguard against free thought. It is as witnesses to the truth that men come who are sent from God.

"Your career may be short ; do not draw back from it on this account. Those of us who have learned to know you and love you hope it will not be. But the ardor of your nature, the eagerness of your aspirations suggest this possibility. You may do in a day what other men do only in threescore years and ten. But, the sooner death, the sooner heaven. Your duty now, however, is to live. Your duty is to live as long as you can."

CHAPTER XIX

DEPARTURE FROM AMERICA

SOME time before I came to Washington I made an application for service under the Hawaiian Board of Missions and forwarded it to my friend in Honolulu, who was its secretary. The secretary in his answer officially requested me to come to the island as a missionary of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him," are words that now became real to me. I thanked the Lord that my prayer had been heard.

The occasion, however, obliged me now to leave my adopted American home and my Christian parents. The Doctor took me one day to market as we used to go together some years ago. Then he told me that if I asked him for anything which I would like to have he would buy and give it to me as a parting present. I recalled at once the old story of Solomon who asked the Lord: "Give me now wisdom and knowledge." I asked the president: "Give me now a large Webster's dictionary." This he did, and sent it by express as far as San Francisco.

All my preparations for departure were made, and many of my kind friends gave me worthy introductory letters to their friends in Chicago, San Francisco, and in Honolulu. The Doctor offered to give me a good introductory letter to the Hawaiian Board. I told him that I had two letters to it already from some of my friends. The Doctor considered a moment, and said, "All right; then I will introduce you to the best man of all." He wrote a worthy letter of introduction to the President of the Hawaiian republic; then handed it to me and said: "Now, look here, my son, I have got ahead of all your friends!"

I bade good-bye to all my beloved people, and left the old sweet home with inexpressible sorrow. Soon the sharp whistle of the express train separated us.

When our train came to the state of Ohio, and stopped at a certain railway station, a gentleman, with two little baby-girls about five and seven years old, entered the parlor car where I was. After the train had started, the children looked at me with a sweet smile, and pointing their fingers toward me told their father that they would like to take a seat with me. The father politely asked my permission and let them take the seat at my side. The red-cheeked and round-faced little ones enjoyed themselves very much, and talked to me very familiarly as to a little companion. When we came to another station in the same state the gentleman tried to leave

the car, but his little ones began to cry and urged him to take me to their home. The father, who became now quite friendly with me, kindly said to me that if I was not in a hurry it would be a great pleasure for him to take me to his residence to spend an evening with him. I accepted his offer and went with them to their home and spent a delightful evening. Early the next morning, while the little ones were still in bed, I left the house and took a train for Chicago.

Chicago is situated on the south shore of Lake Michigan, more than one thousand miles of railway journey from Boston. It is one of the largest railway centers and grain markets in the world. In 1871 the city was largely destroyed by fire; but already the grander city of new Chicago had sprung from the ashes of the old town. The black smoke from steam-cars and ships and from the forest of long chimney-tops tells at once the story of her great industries.

When I arrived in that marvelous city, I did not know what I should do, because the streets were so bustling everywhere, and the weather was intensely hot. It was the month of June. In the middle of the day the thermometer went up as high as 109°. I went all round the city to find a cool, nice house to stay in, but I could not find any. While I was wandering about the streets I saw a fine, large stone church on the corner of a public park. On the door I found a sign on which was inscribed the name and address

of the pastor. A new idea came to me, that if I should go and ask that Christian minister about a stopping-place he would give me good advice. Then I wandered about the busy streets to find the pastor's residence. The house was found at last; I rang the door-bell, which was responded to by a house-maiden, and I was taken before the minister. The gentleman seemed to me above sixty years old, and a gray-haired, tall, stout-looking person. He asked me what I wanted. So I showed him my general introductory letters, and asked him kindly to advise me about a good boarding-house in a cool place in the city.

The noble-looking old minister looked at me very coldly and said: "Oh, well, I do not know anything about such matters; and that is all I can say to you." Then standing up he said, "That is all; good-bye, sir!"

I was obliged to stand up and repeated the same word to him and left the house. "Aim not at great things, or you will fail, but aim at a kindly heart and a brotherly individualism and you are sure to succeed," may be a good text for him to remember.

After I left the old minister's house I went to the railroad depot where my trunk was, and took out some introductory letters which had been given to me by my friends. Among them a letter for Hon. J. N. H., of Chicago was the best one. I took it and went to the gentleman's business office in the city. I was very kindly

received by him, and was taken to his country residence at Evanston, which is not very far away from the city.

While I was in Chicago I visited almost all the public places, such as the city museum, art gallery, Northwestern and Chicago universities, hospitals, and even the famous stockyard. I observed the Sabbath at the Central Church, and enjoyed the eloquent preaching of the pastor. During the whole day, Sunday, the noisy city was a quiet and peaceful paradise. While I was in other cities the people all said that Chicago was a woefully bad and infidel city; and that "dollars are the voice of prayer in the morning, and the voice of thanksgiving at night;" but when I came there and spent a Sabbath, I found that she is an angel among the stars. Not longer ago than sixty years there was only one church building in Chicago. Now there are somewhere about three hundred churches and places where Sunday services are conducted. On the question of education Chicago is awake. Like the churches the public schools have grown with the growth of the new Chicago itself. The city was new, and a large majority of the people were money-worshippers, but they kept their eyes strictly toward one object, namely, "God and liberty," which is the Yankee spirit. The American republic will never die so long as she has the true religious backbone covered with a flesh of education.

After spending a week in the city I took a train for Ogden. When we crossed the Rocky Mountains we met with a severe snow-storm, though it was in the month of June. The mountain was well named, for there were no trees, but rocks all the way along. The vast plain was wastefully laid out; for there were no houses, nor Indian wigwams, but a few remaining snow-white bones of dead animals, and many empty whiskey bottles along the railroad tracks.

Soon we came to Ogden in Utah. I left the train and spent a day visiting Indian camps and villages in the near vicinity. While I was visiting there, an intelligent-looking Indian grasped my hand and said:

"I congratulate you, my brother, for you have beaten China."

I was glad to hear such words from such a strange man. I asked him how he knew about the China-Japan war, while he was living in such a distant, mountainous place.

"Oh, I'm an Indian chief, you know, and I love your country very much."

Truly, I sympathize with his people; and certainly all Christians must help them with kindness and love. Guarding them with guns and cannons, and surrounding their wigwams with armed soldiers is not the Christian way of treating these unfortunate images of God.

From Ogden I took a special train for Salt Lake City, which is remarkable as the home of

the Mormons. These peculiar religious people occupy fertile valleys at the western base of the Wasatch Range, and carry on an extensive agriculture by means of irrigation. The main street of the city is broad and pleasant. The houses are in the old style, with beautiful flower-gardens and old trees in each yard. The Mormon Temple and the Tabernacle are two of the most notable objects in the city. The Temple is built of stone, and it has four noble spires, and is said to be the highest structure in America. The house is walled with double fences, and no one is allowed to enter except their own church members. The Tabernacle, which is freely opened for strangers, is a very peculiar style of architecture. It is a one-storied, large, flat, and egg-shaped building. The heavy roof is sustained by its wall, and inside of the building there are no pillars to support it. My guide told me that all these wonderful buildings, and even the city itself, had been planned and constructed by their honored president, Brigham Young. I thought if Young was such an intelligent and careful man, there must be some truth in Mormonism. I desired now to meet with a Mormon prophet to discuss their theology.

After I had visited the old home of Brigham Young, his grave, and many old residences of his wives and the prophets, the University of Utah, the new City Hall, and the great Salt Lake, I asked my guide to take me to the residence of a

leading Mormon prophet. While I was asking this, there came along a gentleman whom my guide introduced to me as a deacon of the Mormon church. The guide asked him to take me to a prophet's house. The deacon was a very friendly person. He took me to a residence which was situated near the tabernacle, and introduced me to the prophet. In our first interview the prophet asked me, in a very gentlemanly way, how I would like to preach the Mormon doctrine.

I thanked him and said: "If you educate your preachers in the New Testament theology, and leave out the system of polygamy, not outwardly but entirely from the leaves of your book, I may have a little sympathy with you. But I think I will take hold of the gospel which was taught in the New Testament and nothing else."

He was not offended by my reply, and very patiently said to me:

"Yes; but it was foretold by Isaiah that even women and children will preach in later days. So every one has a right to preach indeed. The Father of the race has the only right to a voice in the sexual union of his children. Although polygamy is not practised by us now, yet it is right so far as the voice of the Almighty is concerned."

"Do you remember how Christ trained his disciples? Without training a man you cannot make him a teacher of men. Again, if polygamy

is the revealed law of God, why will you not practise it now openly?" I said to the prophet.

"Because the law of the United States government will not allow it," he answered me with an uneasy manner.

"Which do you think is right and honorable, to keep your faith in God and obey his law until your death by martyrdom, or to obey the laws of man and have a short period of earthly comfort and die as a false prophet?"

The gentleman gave me no answer, so we turned our conversation to another subject.

The next day was the Sabbath. I went to the tabernacle to see the Mormon service. There were over fifteen hundred in the audience already when I went into the hall. The singing was very charming, the music was sweet. The people were proud of their organ, which was manufactured in their own city. They claimed that it was the largest and finest one in America. I heard the address of Joseph F. Smith, a descendant of the martyred prophet. After the meeting was over, my friend, the deacon, introduced me to the Mormon president. He seemed to me above seventy years of age. His hair was white; he had no moustache but a thick beard all round his chin, as in the old style of a New England farmer. He was large and fat, but not very tall in stature.


While I was in Salt Lake City, I stayed at a comfortable hotel in Hot Springs, a few miles away from the city. I enjoyed the fine hot spring

bath which is noted for the curing of almost every disease. After spending about four days there, I took a train and started for the city of San Francisco.

When I arrived at San Francisco, I visited the editor of "The Pacific," to whom I was introduced by the Doctor in Washington. At his office, I found a large Webster's Dictionary which was sent to me as a parting present from the same Doctor.

Until the year 1848 San Francisco was nothing but a fishers' village. But after the discovery of shining particles of gold, emigration began from all parts of America, and even from Europe and Asia. Soon houses were erected and streets were laid out, and from that, like the grain of mustard seed, grew up a beautiful city. But I must say that her mental progress was a little too slow. It was said that, for a time, lawlessness reigned supreme. Even to this day, the almighty gold is much worshiped. And in this city most of our young Japanese students, who came to dig the shining golden truth, have been ruined or fascinated by Mammon worship; and on account of these men America has been unfortunately discussed and slandered as a whole.

I spent about a week in San Francisco, and observed both the pleasant and unpleasant places in the city, as well as the hearts of the people in both high and low classes. The grand mint, city hall, hospitals, museums, art gallery, which was



the former residence of Mark Hopkins, universities and schools, public gardens and main streets, including California and Market streets, were among the most pleasant places that I ever visited in any city. But the disfiguring signs of liquor saloons, beer halls, gambling quarters, the mass of beggars in rainy days, beautiful but degraded creatures around hotels at evening, down cellars in Chinatown, and the horrible night scenes at Mary, Sacramento, Dupont, and Martin streets, etc., belong to the most unpleasant things that I ever witnessed in a land of Christian civilization.

The editor of "The Pacific" asked me what I thought about the city.

I answered him: "Your city expresses just exactly human nature without Christ. Perhaps you need more men who could dig out the golden truth."

The middle and upper-class people in that city were very pleasant, refined and sociable. While I was there, I found many good Christian friends and by them I was treated very kindly. Several of these good people gave me introductory letters to their friends in Honolulu.

From San Francisco I took the steamer "Australia" which makes regular trips between that city and Honolulu. On the 15th day of June in the year 1895, I left the American shore and sailed away for another foreign country, the Hawaiian Islands.

CHAPTER XX

AT THE HAWIIAN ISLANDS—RETURN TO AMERICA

TALL, strange-looking tropical trees, cocoanut and palms, are growing on the shore where burning lava once flowed like water and ran to the base of a horrible fire mountain. The natives are living very much like those in the South Sea Islands, and have grouped together their palm-thatched huts which characterize their native villages. Each village has one or more *morais*, which are enclosures serving for cemeteries. In the middle is a temple, where the priests alone have a right to enter. They contain several idols of wood, rudely sculptured. At the feet of these images are deposited and left to putrify the offerings of the people, consisting of dogs, pigs, fowls, vegetables, etc. The respect of these savages for their priests extends almost to adoration. The immense number also of low-class Japanese and Chinese on the island are worshipping their own idol gods with offerings and burning incense. The natives enjoy their little island home, and are living a quiet and easy life in a climate which is genial and wholesome and upon a soil whose fertility supplies them, in return for but little

labor, with all they want to eat and drink. "If Paulton's 'Lazy Society' still exists somewhere on this earth, all its members ought to make their annual excursion to such an island as I am visiting!" I thought to myself. Such was my vision concerning the Sandwich Islands until landing in Honolulu.

Soon Diamond Head came to view, and within a few hours, the "Australia" lay beside the great Honolulu wharf. My old friend, Secretary Emerson of the Haliwaan Board, came to meet me on board the steamer; and in his carriage I was taken to his residence, where I enjoyed the privilege of "talking and eating together" with this good, beloved brother.

Honolulu is the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, and the commercial emporium of the entire group. The city is very attractive with many American and European residences, surrounded by large, beautiful velvet lawns and flower gardens, shaded by many graceful old trees. Electric light and telephone wires are stretching in various directions like a spider-net. Tram-cars run through the principal streets, and steam-cars will take tourists to the neighboring localities. The government buildings, Queen's Hospital, Bishop Museum, Oahu College, Kamehameha School, Central Union Church and other leading churches, hotels and private residences are all in American and European style. If an American tourist should ascend Punchbowl Hill and get a

complete bird's-eye view of the city, he would soon feel that he was wandering in one of his own Southern states, and hardly believe that he was on a small tropical island about two thousand and one hundred miles away from San Francisco.

Soon after my arrival in Honolulu, I went to the Iolani Palace with my Doctor's introductory letter, and met the President of the Hawaiian republic. He is a tall, fine-looking gentleman somewhere near fifty years of age, and has a thick mustache and long beard. He wore a black morning coat and white vest and trousers. His voice was low and his way of talking was very careful and courteous. We talked about the present condition of the new republic and Japanese laborers on the plantations, and some other general subjects. The President invited me to call at his private residence and meet his wife.

"I hope you will soon feel at home, and find many comforts and a good home right in this city," was his affable remark when I left his official chamber.

I made several calls on American residents in the city to whom I was kindly introduced by my friends. Besides President Dole, I met Chief Justice Judd, Justice Frear, Rev. Dr. Hyde, Rev. Messrs. Gulick and Emerson, and many other leading persons in the capital. They are kind, amiable, sympathetic and good-hearted men or angels, who will undoubtedly get wings by and



NUUANU STREET, HONOLULU, H. I.



by in the other world. But, ah! their too good Christian character gave me a great disappointment. For my first plan of coming to the Hawaiian Islands was to defend Christian America from the dangers of heathen idolaters who live in that country. And for that reason I spent my precious time and money to reach the very spot to labor.

When I met the chief justice, who was also the president of the Hawaiian Board of Missions, and had a long talk about the Hawaii which was thoroughly Christianized, and also the conditions of her peaceful Chinese and Japanese subjects, my old anxieties faded away, because Hawaii can defend America as a strong fortress without any assistance from a Japanese-blooded little Yankee like myself. For this and many other reasons, after observing the Japanese residents in Honolulu, I decided that I would not stay in such a Christian island.

"Shall I go back to America, or return to Japan?" I questioned with myself. But the suggestion was too late for me, for I was now officially employed by the Hawaiian Board as one of their workers. And thus I was obliged to remain on the island.

One day the Secretary told me to present myself before the meeting of the Hawaiian Board.

"Why do they need to see me?" I asked.

"Oh, the Board will appoint you to take charge of the Lyceum Church in Honolulu as a pastor ;

then we will fix your salary," he said to me with a happy, friendly expression.

"No, indeed; no, I thank you. I rather prefer to be a country preacher somewhere in a quiet homelike island," I said to my good old friend. At the same time, I remembered the kind advice of the old New Haven Professor, Dr. Day, "Be as a coward, and progress step by step;" and also the story of Lot, how he covetously chose the city and destroyed himself.

The Secretary kindly advised me, however, to stay with him in Honolulu, but I did not agree to stay. Soon I was taken before the meeting of the Board. The Secretary reported my request to the officers; and at last I was ordered to take charge of a mission on the island of Maui.

I had shaken off the dust from my sandals, and left the busy capital by a small coasting steamer "Claudine," and started for my new home on Maui, accompanied by a gentleman who was specially sent from the Hawaiian Board.

When we arrived at the island of Maui, I asked my companion where we should go first to rest ourselves and get our meal.

"Oh, we are going first to the residence of Rev. Dr. Beckwith," he said.

"What! a reverend Doctor in such a pumpkin-like island?" I replied.

"Yes, sir; I tell you that he is one of the ablest men in this country. He was the founder and the pastor of the Central Union Church in

Honolulu. The Doctor retired from his busy public life only because of his advancing age," said my friend.

My heart was somewhat strengthened by it, for, though I had become now a lonely exile, yet I could get some comfort and instruction from such a good old minister.

My friend and I soon arrived at the Doctor's beautiful residence in Paia. We both were cordially welcomed by the gray-haired old American gentleman, whose appearance to my eyes was like Saint John on the Island of Patmos. We were introduced by him to his family—a tender-hearted wife, and a charming daughter who became afterward the good, humble Mrs. St. Knox.

At the dinner the young lady served for us a delicious muskmelon. I was taken by surprise, because, when I left California, I bought plenty of seeds of it and intended to be called the first man who brought the seeds of the muskmelon to the island.

"Where did you get such foreign fruit?" I asked.

"Dear me! such fruit is plenty everywhere on these islands, and you can eat them all you want," she said.

If she had known my heart she would never have spoken in that way and given me more disappointment. A young man is very apt to make plans without thinking very deeply about the

result. But by such rashness many good things are sometimes done! My visit to Hawaii, and also the introducing of muskmelon seeds were a failure, but from it I learned many lessons which the universities could not teach.

By the kindness of the old gentleman I met with several American friends on the island. Among them I found two of my American relatives; one was the Doctor's wife, Mrs. Beckwith, who was a dear sister of my first patron, the late General Armstrong; the other was a lovely Christian lady, Mrs. H. P. Baldwin, who was the cousin of Rev. Dr. Martin, the author of a Chinese book which my father read, and from which he was first led to the Christian faith. Truly, we must be kind one to another, and try to do good to all people always, for, wherever we go, we will meet unexpectedly with relatives and friends. A man cannot be altogether a recluse even though he stays in a small isle of the sea!

The Hawaiian Islands are situated under the tropic of Cancer, and so the country must be hot. But the heat produced by a tropical sun is mitigated by the trade-winds, which blow over a wide extent of ocean, and also by the cooled current which returns from the region of Behring Straits. There is no summer or winter, but a delightful spring climate always. To foreigners, and particularly to consumptive people, the climate has proved of the most salubrious nature. A tourist should not forget to visit Punchbowl

Hill, Diamond Head, Pali and Waikiki, on the island of Oahu; Wailua and Hanapepe Falls, Waiokanaloa and two other wonderful caves on Kauai; Iao Valley, great Haleakala Mountain, Baldwin Villa in Olinda, Makawao Seminary and sugar mills and plantations, on Maui; the world-renowned leper settlement on Molokai, if he can secure permission from the Board of Health; and on the island of Hawaii, Kaawaloa, the monument of Captain Cook, Kilauea, the largest volcano in the world, boiling lakes and beautiful little Cocoanut Island, etc.

In such a real "Paradise of the Pacific" I made a temporary home; and for the first time since my mother's death I enjoyed quiet, peaceful home life, although in my new house there was none but myself and my cook, whose name I used to call "Friday." It was not because my old brother Crusoe called his servant by that name, but because Friday was my resting day in the week, and generally I visited my American friends and took my *square* meals with them. So calling him "Friday," I let my man understand that on that day he need not cook anything for me.

One Friday noon I took a long ride to Haiku, and spent the evening with an American family. While we were taking dinner, there arose a conversation about a turtle. I told the mistress that in some islands in Japan there was a big turtle a great deal larger than her dining-room table.

The lady and the good old gentleman were greatly astonished and told me very distinctly that they could not believe such a story. I was surprised, too, because I told this to amuse the old friends and to comfort their lonely island life.

Soon after our dinner, the mistress said to her husband: "Now, George, you go to the other room and get for me all the books on natural history, encyclopedias, and Webster's Dictionary."

The books were brought before her, and she was busy finding out about the turtle which she was told was as big as her dining-room table. At last, she said: "Listen to me, please! Webster and all other scholars and scientists do not mention such turtles as you have told us about."

Although such a gigantic animal is occasionally found in the Bonin Islands from which I drifted away some years ago, yet now I could not make her believe it. I had now a perplexity in my heart, and it troubled my mind very greatly. A sensible daughter of the house looked on my face very resentfully and said:

"Now, my friend, please do keep on, do keep on; do n't let my mamma call you a story-teller!"

Soon the good-hearted Christian maiden's eyes were moist, and her cheeks were in color. But I could not convince her mother, because Webster and others were all on the mistress' side, and to prove mine there was none. And so, after that time, I was called "a fish-story teller."

"The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity."

I had a very comfortable cottage on a hill. I called my place "The Eden without Eve." I took that name because there was no woman in my house—neither mother, nor wife, nor sisters, nor maid servants. And of course there was no reason to follow after the misleading idea of "The Eden without Adam," which was founded by an American woman doctor somewhere in the State of Illinois. I shall say that that organization was simply miserable, though it may be a Paradise for an aged single lady.

The cry "Equality with man" is one of the mischiefs among modern college women. Some of them are trying to do exactly the same sort of work as the men both in study, gymnastic exercise, public services and even in drinking and smoking habits. A century ago, in Japan, there was a peculiar fashion that the men tried to become like graceful women. And the result was public weakness and destruction. The American way of to-day is the reverse. Can a hen crow, and a cock feed chicks, or a cow fight with her horns, and a bull gently take care of a calf? Certainly not. We have hands and feet in the same body, but their work is entirely different one from the other. So the woman's mission must be different from the man's though we may both have equal rights as human beings.

Well, discussing an entirely different subject and forgetting to tell my own story is as unwise as the woman-question itself.

Once I heard from my father in Japan that he had a bad attack of rheumatism. He told me that he would soon come to my island home, because the doctor advised him to change his place of residence to some warmer country. I was glad, and I had prepared all things for my long-forgotten father. I also decided that if he came to the islands I should remain in Hawaii until my old father's last breath. I bought a piece of coffee-land with a little cottage in a beautiful valley, also a small carriage and horse. When all things were ready for my father, and I was daily expecting his arrival, there came suddenly an obituary report of that grand old Judge! Now all plans for my father were vainly gone. Still, one hope remained for me. I am ready to die for the Christian cause; as Paul could say, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand."

Although I was resting in a comfortable little island home, and enjoying a peaceful life, yet every time I saw the vile conduct of some of my countrymen on these islands my heart was pained with sympathy, but not so much for these people as for their mother country. I could not help crying: "What a foolish man I am! I have become a true coward! For I am trying to get pure water by cleaning the lower part of the river. It would be wise to go up to its source, if I want to have a nice clean-watered river. In other words, I am trying to destroy a corrupt

tree by cutting its leaves and branches, and not going to cut its root ! ”

One day I received a letter from my old Doctor in Washington. In that letter he said : “ It is unfortunate that the Hawaiian Islands are so small, while you are so large. There seems to be a misfit somewhere. But perhaps the islands will increase in size, or Jenichiro grow smaller.”

As he is a philosopher and poet, his language is very poetical ; but such anxiety is very natural for an old gentleman who has been a teacher and companion with me for years.

As the climate of the island is warm all the year round, one can spend a whole year while he thinks that he is just enjoying one short summer month on a vacation. I had now spent over two years on the island, scarcely knowing that I had been there so long.

One rainy night, while I sat in my lonely study, burning the midnight lamp, this thought came to my mind, and, as was my custom, I noted it down in my memorandum :

“ Though a mountain is high, yet it is worthless if it has no forest or trees. Though this world is large, yet if it is not inhabited by man it is useless. Though a man possess physical beauty, yet without the actions of a gentleman there is nothing worthy of admiration. To-day, as twenty-five hundred years ago, the saying of Confucius holds good : ‘ A gentleman you can tell by his actions only ! ’ Modern civilization is

progressing wonderfully year after year. But at the same time, great evils are found in every phase of life. Every civilized country is building mighty war-ships and making terrible weapons for wholesale butchery. A sociologist claims that all religious teachings, including Christianity, are impossible of adaptation to modern society because each man must possess property for the support of himself and his family. 'If we give away what we have, according to the teachings of the old religion,' says a noted sociologist, 'practically, we should not have any property. We must gather as much money as we can for the support of our wives and children. Charity should begin at home!'

"The result of such teachings naturally would be selfishness, insincerity, callousness and corruption.

"Saints and moralists are disregarded, and hypocrites and rascals have the controlling power over modern society. There are, however, no other men so needful for us to-day as true philanthropists. Count Tolstoi is a Russian nobleman of high rank, yet he lives among the common people, and is preaching the salvation of man. John Howard, whose last words were, 'Let me be forgotten,' was a good physician for poor sinners. So with Lord Shaftesbury, Peter Cooper, and Abraham Lincoln. And Jesus himself was the teacher of all. A man's earthly life is short. I must give this body and soul for the salvation

of the poor and needy, and let my mouth speak for those people who cannot themselves tell their needs."

Such was my thought, And I made up my mind then to leave the Hawaiian Islands, for my island life was too easy and too comfortable for me.

Soon the news of my proposed departure spread among my friends. Many of them urged me to stay with them. But I could not do so, of course. I called my people to our meeting-house, and addressed them; then followed the Lord's Supper, and my farewell. After giving all my household property to my "Friday," the faithful servant, I started for Honolulu.

Warm friendship and kind hospitality were shown by my American and Japanese friends in Honolulu. Mr. Shimamura, the Japanese minister to Hawaii, gave me an official letter of recommendation to his government. A part of the letter read as follows: "He came to these Islands and preached the Christian doctrine, and his success has been so remarkable that he has been highly praised constantly both by the Japanese, and by foreigners in this country."

October 14th, 1897, I sailed from Honolulu for America in the steamer "Alameda," for I had a desire to study a special branch of science at my favorite old University in New Haven.

The sea was calm and peaceful, and I enjoyed the good company of the passengers. After seven days on board the steamer, the "Alameda"

brought us safely to San Francisco, on the 21st day of the same month. Soon I took a fast train for New York by way of Washington so that I might see my good old friend, Dr. Rankin, in the capital.

"Why, here is our Jenichiro! How did you get here?" was his surprised greeting when I called at his residence.

"You ought to know of my coming, for I sent you a letter from Honolulu a day before I left there," I replied.

But the Doctor told me that he had not received any letter. The reason was that I arrived at his house before the first mail came.

"Your quick movements are like a flying cherub. Tell me about the country and what good news you have of your work in Hawaii," said the old gentleman.

"The islands are beautiful; the climate is lovely, the people are kind and generous, and lastly, my work was successful," I said, and showed him a little bundle of commendatory letters. One of them read as follows:

MAUI, H. I., October 9, 1897.

To Whom it may Concern:—This is to introduce my dear friend and Christian brother, the Rev. J. Oyabe, to any good willing folk to whom this letter may come. I bespeak for him such kind consideration and fraternal helpfulness as it may be in any one's power to render. He has been the faithful pastor of the Japanese church in the parish under my pastoral care and under the support of the church to

which I minister. His labors among his countrymen here have been greatly blessed. He goes from us, to our great regret, to pursue a more extended course of study with a view to a wider field of usefulness in his native land. Receive him in the Lord, as becometh saints.

E. G. BECKWITH,
*Pastor of the Foreign Protestant
Church of Makawao.*

"Well done, my boy! well done! The Lord be with you! He will take care of you," was the Doctor's kind word to me.

I spent an evening with him, and early the next morning I started for New York, and thence to New Haven.

The "City of Elms" is as grand as ever, and the great University stands in the midst of it as a mother of the nation. Since I left there in 1895, two fine college buildings have been added, namely, Phelps and Pierson Halls. All my professors seem the same as they did when I was here some years ago.

I devoted myself now to the study of sociology and the more advanced branches of theology, at the University. I have spent also much time in the study of the American Indians. For I have a peculiar interest in these people, so similar to those in my country.

Many years ago, when I read the lives of William Carey, Robert Morrison, and David Livingston, I was greatly puzzled over the question as to how they ever got such queer notions of going among the savages and heathen. But how

strange that I have now the same enthusiastic missionary zeal which those men had! "I have one passion, and it is He, He alone," I cried, as Count Zinzendorf of the Moravian mission exclaimed from his pulpit.

I cannot tell why I have such a peculiar desire, except that I have naturally a strong sympathy for those who are weak and neglected, and also a profound admiration for a strong and manly character. This has led me to love Christ with all my heart, and also the helpless aborigines in my country. Dr. Mackay, a missionary in Formosa, was passionately desirous of "going to the heathen," when he was in the seminary. So was the Rev. John Batchelor, a most devoted missionary in Yezo. If we ask these gentlemen why they had such uncommon notions, I am sure that their answer would be the same as mine.

In Japan "the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few," and while I should most earnestly desire to work among the people here the more urgent call comes to me from my native land, for the present condition of Christian churches there presses heavily upon me; yet it is my sincere prayer to bring those unhappy men toward the light of civilization. May the grace and mercy of the Lord rest upon these people ever and for evermore!

Almost fourteen years ago I wandered away from my father's house as a poor heathen, yet with a strong desire to go to America and to

secure a Christian education. And now I have successfully carried out the purpose with which I started.

Here I have written my long story in English, which I did not learn from my mother's lips. In this narrative, however, I have not explained how I got money to feed and clothe myself in the different countries, and among the foreign peoples. No one but God knows how I have managed during my wandering life. How was Daniel protected in the lions' den? God alone knows. So with my life.

“ Whence came I? Memory cannot say.
What am I? A substance of God's hands.
Bound whither? return and away
To His hand and heaven.”

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